The Bystander, November 24, 1920. No. 886. Vol. LXVIII.

The BYSTANDER

BY ALFRED LEETE

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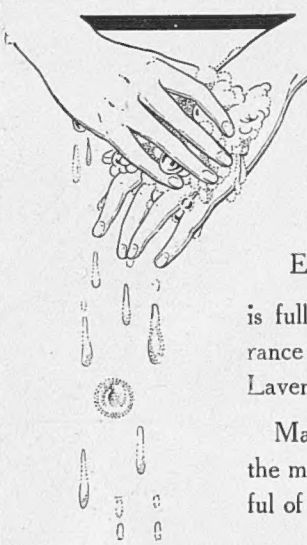

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

The Gloomy One

It is an easy thing these days for any man to earn a reputation for gloom. Never has pessimism been easier. Dean Inge is naturally, therefore, having the time of his life. In his latest prophecy he foretells a terrible state of affairs. Indeed, pushed to its logical conclusion the Dean's argument amounts to this—in the course of a few generations Great Britain will be inhabited only by a few poverty-stricken barbarians! The Dean makes out a very strong case. The bulk of the old tax-paying class used to run the country, and, as they paid the taxes, kept them within possible limits. These, the "new poor," though the Dean does not call them so, have now been taxed out of existence, *quâ* taxpayers. Before long, says the Dean, there must be a repudiation of the nation's debts, and then there will be no tax-paying class left. The masses refuse to tax themselves, and when they find that they have to support what are now charitable institutions they will apply to themselves "the sacred Trade Union principle of limitation of output" in the way of families. The professional and cultured classes already do this, and will have to do so in future to an even greater extent. The only bright spot in the Dean's prophecy is that an end will be put to wastefulness. This may seem encouraging, but it is not really so, for that end will only come when "there will be nothing to waste." When that point is reached and the country, as the Dean says, will be "to a large extent barbarised," I do not think I can be accused of exaggeration when I say that this means a Great Britain inhabited by a scanty population of barbarians.

On Realising Responsibilities

But the Dean is only trying to frighten the squandermaniacs by showing them what must happen if they do not mend their ways. Those at the top, the "super-men," must no longer laugh at the idea of a trifling economy of £20,000,000 a year as not being worth while troubling about, and those at the bottom must realise the responsibilities of their newly acquired wealth. The rich working-man is no longer a joke. He is a very serious fact. You can talk with no big, or even moderately big, employer without hearing of working-men who make from £12 to £20 a week. When they have found out, as they will, that the old "sacred Trade Union principle of limitation of output" simply means limiting their incomes, they will abandon it, and the rich working-man will be a more numerous class than that which used to be the bulk of the middle and professional prosperous class. These last, combined with the poor working-men, will surely be able to teach them that as they are getting the cash they must spend a fair proportion of it on running the country, if only for their own sakes.

By W. E. Wigfull

NOT HE!

Controller: "You needn't worry, my dears, *I* won't let you drop!"

"When Labour Rules"

Mr. J. H. Thomas, in his *When Labour Rules*, admits that the middle-class are the people who have suffered most, and who are now ground between the upper and lower millstones. He recognises, too, that Labour, when it rules, must do something for them. This is comforting. There are also poor working-men. The Duke of York made a plea for them last week. He wanted funds for the Queen's Hospital for Children. This does its good work in a neighbourhood of poor working-men. The Duke took as a type a warehouseman with a wife and one child earning £3 a week. Working out this man's "weekly budget" the Duke showed how difficult, even impossible, it was for men like this to support the hospital in which their children were cared for. It is impossible to gainsay the Duke. Add to these £3 a week working-men the £3 a week "black-coated," including clergymen, and it should be easy for the £12 to £20 a week working-man to see that he has moral duties to perform which at present he is neglecting.

"False" and "Artificial"

Why should the epithet "false" be applied in

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

a somewhat opprobrious sense to some things, while to others, equally false, the term "artificial" is applied in a more kindly fashion? I asked myself this question the other day when I saw in two newspapers paragraphs on the same page references to "artificial" legs and "false" teeth. Man-made legs and arms which replace those of nature are always called "artificial." No one ever speaks of a "false leg" or a "false arm." But if you have to replace your equally important teeth it is with "false" ones. The same with hair—"false hair," "false curls." But this, perhaps, is a rebuke to vanity, as may be the case with "false complexion." Yet it is an "artificial bridge" that makes comely again the broken, but perfectly serviceable, nose. In a somewhat similar fashion the single eyeglass is never taken seriously. It is generally smiled at. A man with one crippled arm or leg which he assists by art and science is sure of sympathy. But no one sympathises with a man who has one crippled eye. Even a person who is deaf in one ear, and on that account frequently a trouble if not a bit of a nuisance to others, is sure of sympathy. But the man who rectifies the sight of one defective eye, without giving anyone else the slightest trouble, never gets any. I don't suppose he wants it, but he realises that most people for some inscrutable reason think he ought to wear two eyeglasses joined together by a metal bridge. Yet these same people would probably think a man a fool who applied an ear-trumpet to a good right ear because it was necessary to use one for his defective left.

Falling Prices

Prices really do seem to be coming down a bit—here and there. The prophet who said a couple of months ago that in three weeks tailors would be "throwing clothes" at you, has not been quite justified. But many of us are beginning to hope that it will be possible to give ourselves a Christmas present of a new suit, and perhaps even an overcoat. Shan't we feel self-conscious for a few days? Boots, too, loom in the offing. I saw a pair the other day worth about 19*s*., and from £3 3*s*. they have already come down to £1 15*s*. But why has the Food Controller put up the price of eggs? I was in the country a little while ago, and eggs were coming down steadily. Then the Controller put a maximum price on them, higher than it had ever been before, and every egg immediately attained it without the slightest effort. I found that the same thing had occurred several times with milk. In the country and small towns, at all events, milk, I was told, could always have been bought for a considerably lower price than the Food Controller's maximum.

"How to Choose a Wife"

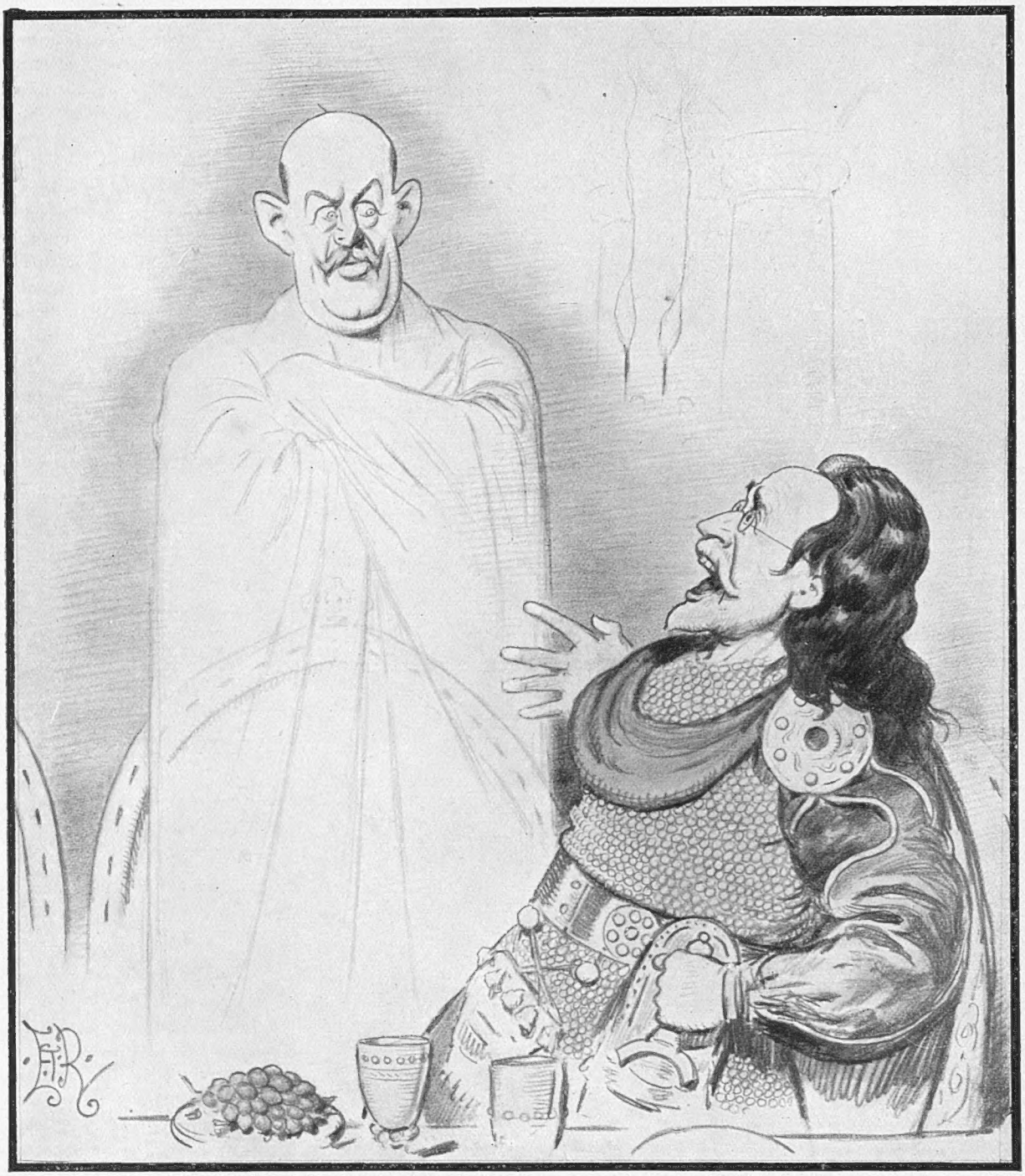
Lord Buckmaster has overlooked an important item in his new Divorce Bill. Sir R. Baden-Powell has selfishly kept to himself for years the secret of how to choose a wife. Women who tread on the inside of one foot and on the outside of the other should be avoided. They are emotional and impulsive. If that were all, it seems strange that only 43 per cent. of women tread in this particular fashion. But they must have other disqualifications, for the great Scout would have no wife who did not put her feet down properly. It was the one "test and examination" he applied. Lord Buckmaster ought to afford some chance of relief to men who have wives that tread on the inside of one foot and the outside of the other.

Greece as a Greasy Pole

Politics always remind me of a greasy pole: it is difficult to climb up: but it is the easiest thing to slip down, and Venizelos, having lost his grip, has slipped badly to the bottom, making a possibility of Tino's return. Although Tino has slumped in our estimation since the War broke out, he probably knew England better than any other Sovereign, for he and his family used to come every summer for many years to Seaford, rarely visiting London, or his relations here. He always came in a very unostentatious manner. I remember on one occasion crossing with him and his family on an Ostend packet boat, and they were treated exactly like ordinary passengers. He and his family with an English nurse and an English lady's maid all lunched in the public saloon at one table, while his equerries and staff were at another table by themselves. At the King's table English only was spoken by everybody. I remember being struck at the time at the enormous amount of salt that the King indulged in: it

By Fred Buchanan

"ON WITH THE DANCE": THE NEW HIGHLAND FLING



BANQUO PLEASANT COMPANY—BY COMPARISON By E. T. Reed

MACBETH (*M. Venizelos, entirely forgetting his words*): "Wha-a-at? That ghastly Tino again?" (*Pulling himself together somewhat*) "Hence, horrible shadow! Unreal mockery, hence!" ("*Hences*" *himself to France*)

seemed to be part of his meal, rather than a condiment. I never could understand why it was that Queen Sophia became so friendly to Germany, for when she was married, her brother, who had just become Emperor, was very nasty to her because she had entered the Greek Church. She had every reason to dislike his manners, but she undoubtedly encouraged Tino in his admiration for German ideas, which he had imbibed for himself in the military schools.

England's Old Interest in Greece

LONG before our historical Treaty with Germany of 1832, and still longer before the accession of Queen Alexandra's brother to the Throne of the Hellenes, this country was made tremendously interested in Greece by the passionate enthusiasm of Lord Byron, so that every schoolboy literally came to know the "Isles of Greece where burning Sappho loved and sang." Byron's distant kinsman, Lord Aberdeen, whose life, I believe, at this moment is being written, was interested in Greece, not merely politically, but as a classical scholar. Byron describing him as the "travelled thane, Athenian Aberdeen"; and since the War there has been a very interesting series of little biographies of British sailors and soldiers who played a big part in liberating Greece. It was when we remembered these things that we felt resentment against Tino.

Weddings of the Week

Photograph *G.P.U.*

CAPTAIN WEDGWOOD BENN, D.S.O., M.P., AND MISS HOLMES

Who were married last week at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Captain Benn is Liberal Member for Leith

Photograph *L.N.A.*

MAJOR THE HON. A. AGAR-ROBARTES, M.C., AND MISS PATIENCE BASSETT

Who were married in the Henry VII Chapel, Westminster, on Wednesday last. The bridegroom is the younger son of Viscount and Viscountess Clifden

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY.

The Old Honeymoon

THERE is a positive rain of marriages. All the young folk seem to be pairing off, and so eagerly that some people have had invitations for three weddings on one day. In old days nobody ever thought of getting married once the hunting and shooting had commenced, but now the autumn and winter seem a favourite period, and there are as many weddings in October and November as in the height of the season.

One reason is the short honeymoon. When it was *de rigueur* for couples to have at least a six weeks honeymoon, they couldn't possibly plant themselves for all that time at the seaside or in a big country house all by their lonesome at this time of year. If you want to get some idea of what a boring thing the old honeymoon could be read Ouida's, *A Rainy June*.

People grouse about things to-day, but how marriages survived the long honeymoon is a mystery. The victims had no choice. Somewhere in the 'eighties of the last century, a lady who is very well known to all the world even now for her originality, appeared in London exactly a fortnight after she was married. Meeting her at a party, a Royal personage turned her back upon her, murmuring, "How shocking!"

It is amusing remembering old conventions. But do you know if a marriage took place in early June, or even in April (May was taboo) it was not considered "nice" or "seemly" for the young people to appear in Society during that season? They had to fill in the time until Goodwood somehow and somewhere.

Photograph] THE COUNTESS OF ROCKSAVAGE [*Hugh Cecil*

Who last week presented her husband with a son and heir. The Earl of Rocksavage is himself heir to the Marquis of Cholmondeley. The Countess is a sister of Sir Philip Sassoon. Their first child, a girl, was born in 1916

Insurance Companies Take Note

ALL these weddings are such a serious tax on the depleted pocket in these days that if some insurance company would undertake to provide wedding presents in return for an annual premium it would do a tremendous business. The plan would cut both ways, too, because we could add "Insurance premium to meet expenses of friends and relations getting married" to the rebate side of our income-tax-papers. If marriages are made in Heaven, some of them don't last very long on earth. And if people are going to hop off to the Divorce Court exactly seven months after the nuptial knot has been tied—*vide* your daily papers—it is quite possible a custom will grow up which can be expressed thus—"Let us wait and see if it is going to last before we give a present." I've often wondered what people who are divorced do with their wedding presents. Do they share them? Or does the unoffending party keep them? They certainly never return them.

Legh of Lyme

THE most interesting wedding of the week was that of the Prince of Wales's equerry, the Hon. Piers Legh and Mrs. Shaughnessy—the union of one of our oldest territorial families with Canada. In Cheshire to be "Legh of Lyme" had a big significance. The owners

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE (continued)

of Lyme Park, near Stockport, belonged to that band of gentleman-commoners—the type is now practically extinct—which exercised an influence in county and Parliamentary life far greater than that of any nobleman. Their name and position stood for more than any patent of nobility. The Luttrells, of Dunster, in Somerset, are another instance.

The Luttrells, I believe, have been offered a peerage in more than one reign, and have invariably refused the honour. I don't suppose the bestowal of a peerage—and its acceptance—ever created so much regret and dismay as when the Barony of Newton was accepted by the grandfather of last week's bridegroom, in 1892, two years after Major Piers Legh was born. Legh of Lyme meant so much: Newton meant nothing.

Lyme Park, where the Leghs have reigned so long and where the bride and bridegroom are spending their honeymoon, is a beautiful house perched high above charming gardens and a lake. Its rooms are filled with Elizabethan and Jacobean furniture made for the Leghs of those days. An eighteenth century Legh commissioned Sir Benjamin West to cover the walls of the great staircase with the fearsome nudities by which gods and goddesses of that period were represented.

Lady Newton, the bridegroom's mother, has an unerring taste, and has done much to add to the beauties of Lyme. Other times, other tastes. When her husband succeeded she found that the tapestry had been taken from the walls of one of the State bedrooms and red flannel hung in its place!

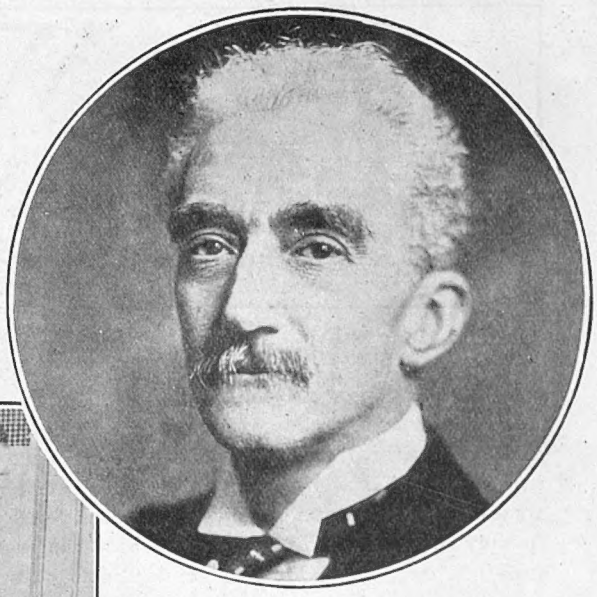
Photograph *Reginald Silk*

A DISTINGUISHED GATHERING AT THE CONNAUGHT ROOMS

The Duke of York last week presided at a dinner given in aid of the Queen's Hospital for Children, Bethnal Green. During the dinner the sum of £20,300 was subscribed. On H.R.H.'s right are the Bishop of Chelmsford, Sir Charles Wakefield, Lord William Cecil, and Mrs. Lloyd George. On his left are the Bishop of London, Lady Marshall, and Miss Megan Lloyd George

The Cubitt - Keppel Wedding

THE day after the Legh - Shaughnessy marriage came the wedding of Mrs. George Keppel's daughter, Sonia, to Lord Ashcombe's heir. Albemarles and Edmonstones and the ramifications of the two families filled the Guards' Chapel. All the lights of the Edwardian Court were there, but no Royalty.



Photograph *Topical*

THE PRESIDENT OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

M. Hymans, till lately Foreign Minister of Belgium, who was last week elected permanent President of the League

Their Majesties of Spain!

THE visit of the King and Queen of Spain has brought gaiety into a very dull autumn season. They have dined *en circonstance*, with my Lord and Lady Pembroke in Belgrave Square, and with my

Photograph *Hugh Cecil*

THE COUNTESS OF CROMER

Whose husband has been appointed Chief of Staff to H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught for the latter's visit to India. Lady Cromer's father was the fourth Earl of Minto, who was Viceroy of India from 1905 to 1910

Photograph *Photo Press*

AT THE CUBITT-KEPPEL WEDDING

The Duchess of Alba between the Spanish Ambassador and his wife

Photograph *Photo Press*

THE HON. ROLAND CUBITT AND HIS BRIDE

Miss Sonia Rosemary Keppel, youngest daughter of the Hon. George and Mrs. Keppel, who were married last week at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks. The bridegroom is a son of Lord and Lady Ashcombe

Lord and Lady Ancaster at Eresby House, and elsewhere more quietly. But the dinners have all been followed by small dances, at which the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, Princess Mary, and on one occasion Prince Henry, have footed it merrily.

The Queen of Spain has inherited a family trait—she never forgets her old English friends.

Query—Their Majesties of Greece

IF the whirligig of Fortune should take Tino of Greece back to Athens we shall have a curious commentary on Fortune itself. Queen Sophie was the only member of the ex-Kaiser's family who lost a throne during the War. If they go back she will be the only member of that family now seated upon a throne. Perhaps they won't, but the situation is curious and interesting, isn't it?

Queen Sophie, by the way, during the War sent an order to an Eastbourne tradesman for blouses. Express directions were given that the garments should be sent in small separate parcels and on different dates "for fear of submarines"—her brother's submarines, mark you!

Photograph *G. P. U.*

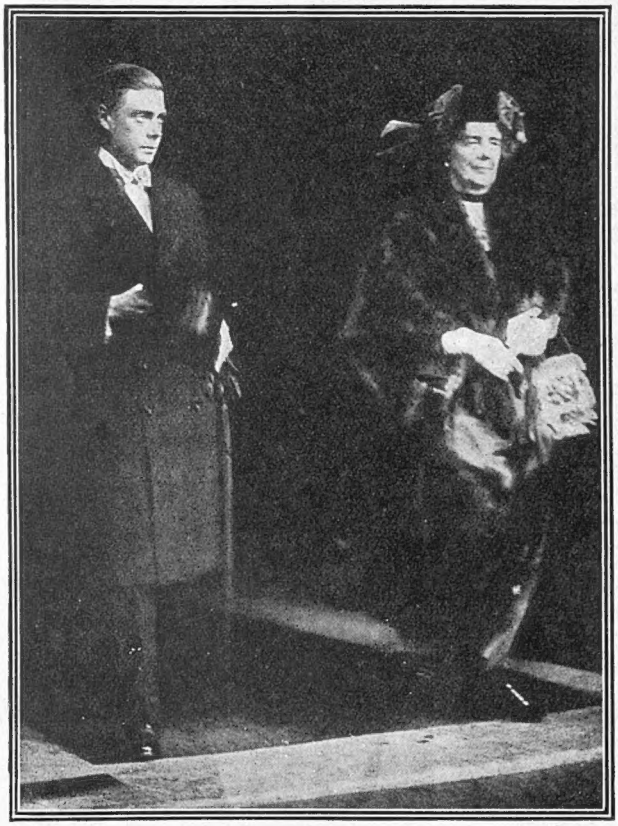
LADY LAVERY (left) WITH MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL

Leaving the Guards' Chapel after the Cubitt-Keppel wedding. Between them is Mrs. Churchill's small daughter, Miss Sarah Churchill, who was one of the bridesmaids

A Busy Week for the Royal Family

Photograph] EAST-END AND WEST MEET BEFORE PRINCESS MARY *[Farringdon Photo Co.*

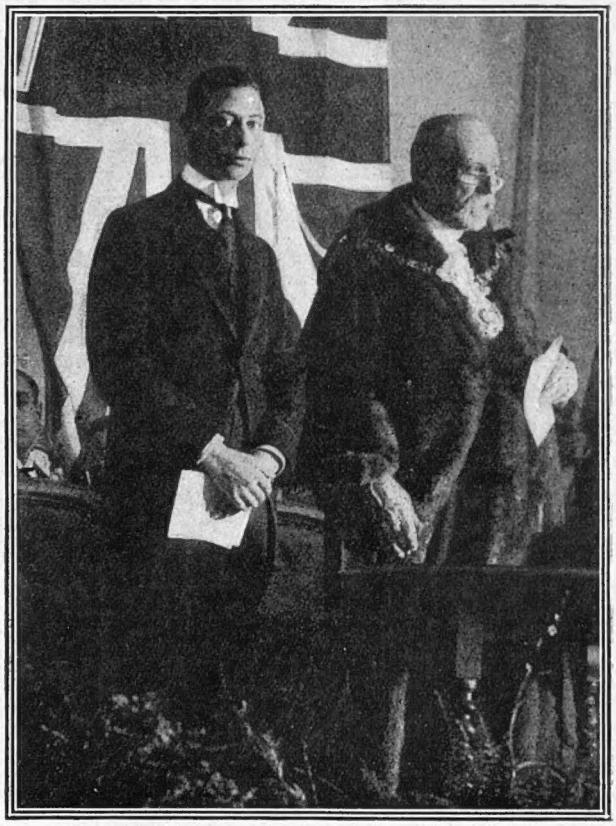
Princess Mary at a dramatic display at Church House, Westminster, given in aid of St. Ursula's Club for Working Girls, Whitechapel. Two girls, one from the East-End and one from the West, are here seen presenting the Princess with a basket of flowers



Photograph *L. N. A.*

THE PRINCE OF WALES WITH MRS. BRADFORD

The mother of the bride, leaving St. Peter's, Eaton Square, after the wedding of H.R.H.'s equerry, the Hon. Piers Legh, a son of Lord Newton to the Hon. Mrs. Shaughnessy



Photograph *Central News*

THE DUKE OF YORK AT POPLAR

He is here seen at the opening of St. George's Hall and Institute, East India Dock Road. On his right is the Lord Mayor

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHETTE."

Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *November* 22.

DEAR COUSIN—

THINGS are coming right, says Mr. Lloyd George. The world is gradually, slowly settling down. Good news, what? And not before it was wanted, either. Though even this habitual and ever-comforting arch-optimist admits that we still need lots more things before the rightness really and truly materialises. Patience, for instance, and persistence and perseverance, and faith and goodwill among men . . which is quite a fairly big enough order just to be going on with, isn't it?

卐 卐

ALL the same, do believe there is somewhere, somehow, anyway, the glimmering of a new spirit among us here in England just now—a sort of feeling born or brought to bloom 'cos of these Armistice anniversary days that haven't even yet quite died away from our memories. It's a kind of idea that hasn't been around much since the War, or even its earlier days, when the nation's common sacrifice held us so closely together and united us in face of the common foe. And it's an appeal to the nation's imagination—so hard ever really to get hold of—that has revived it and given it new strength.

"Things are coming right"

卐 卐

THAT burial of an Unknown Warrior—it was an inspiration which caught hold of us all with a great fire of fellow-feeling that still glows. Before its high and all-embracing flame little divisions paled and petty quarrels for a while grew dim. But can we keep up the mood, preserve, at any rate, something of the bond of unity that was welded around it? I wonder.

卐 卐

WE are changeable, as all nations are changeable. The little things are so powerful, and the big things so quickly break up and fade away—as we saw even in the War. Who would ever have believed, in the first fine rapture of a nation sprung to arms, that littlenesses and bickerings and intrigues would ever have grown up again like weeds and done their best to choke, while our gallant men were still fighting heroically and heroically dying, even the grandeur of that Great Adventure?

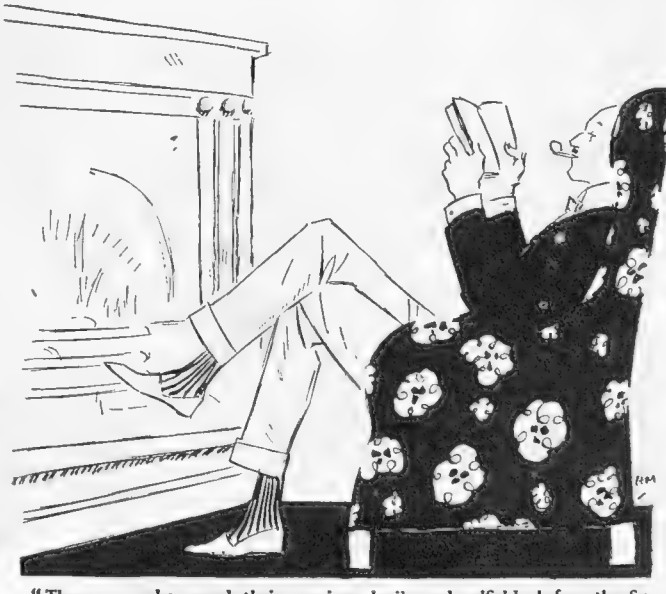
BUT don't let's be too pessimistic, especially in these darkening days when it's only too easy to look on the black side. As the poet sings:

Come, no more of grief and dying!
Sing the time too swiftly flying.
Just an hour
Youth's in flower,
Give me roses to remember
In the shadow of December.

Nice seasonable, rosy prospects painted by the P.M. for our winter, anyway—industrial unrest simmering down, Huns perfectly good and orderly, the "organised assassination" in Ireland taken well-"by the throat," and even prices of food and things, they say, coming down with a flop. Let's *try* and believe it all if we can.

卐 卐

THOUGH about those food prices—shall believe it when I see it and feel it, and not one moment earlier. Not much sign of it in the big restaurants, for instance, not that you'd notice. In fact, actually making one's bills even bigger, some of them are, which hardly seemed possible, did it? One reason given being that as wine costs more people are drinking less, so they have to charge extra on the food. Which sounds real, typical restaurant rampers' logic, what? And even your Christmas goose is to cost you 50 per cent. more in the shops—which, suppose,



"Those . . . who spend their evenings lazily and selfishly before the fire with a book"

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded*)

means 500 per cent. at least in any of the really classy temples of Food. Hardly looks exactly like any very startling or immediate rush "back to normalcy," as President Harding, of the U.S.A., puts it.

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LIFE'S certainly not any too cheap *or* too restful for those of us who try to keep up with all its whirls and swirls and mazy happenings on "these flaring London nights." When there really seem to be more shows madly crowding on each other's heels than any autumn before in the memory of man or woman—only memories do tend to run into superlatives about the things of the moment, don't they?

"Ancient and mouldy four-wheelers"

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ANYWAY, rather a sign of busy times, what, when the taxis are all kept so busily occupied that even ancient and mouldy four-wheelers are pressed into service in the rush hours to take us from place to place. And give one quite a comforting, pleasant old-world feeling to ride in, too. Not *quite* the speediest way of getting about perhaps but, after all . . . well, if you're in the right company that mayn't always be considered an absolutely fatal disadvantage. So, at least, I gather from the best connoisseurs—of wheeled traffic, of course, I mean.

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FOR all save those strong or idle minded enough to spend their evenings lazily and selfishly before the fire with a book (must confess I *do* rather envy them their horrid sloth just now and then), it's certainly becoming more and more of a spangled path from show to show, life here in London now. Even opera starting at Covent Garden this very night as ever is, with the Carl Rosa Company to run it, and *Lohengrin* to open the ball. Could have done with something a shade less Hunnish to push off with . . . but I suppose we ought just to be grateful, after the Beecham failure to come up to the scratch, for getting any sort of opera at all.

LET'S hope, by the way, the *habitués* thereof won't prove *quite* such an appallingly dowdy, not to say dreary, crowd as have rather taken to frequenting opera the last season or two that it's been played in town. One ought perhaps to be content with music for its own sweet sake, and all that sort of thing and forget, in the rapture of enjoying it, to notice the kind of people who are sharing your enjoyment.

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BUT opera *has* after all just a touch of the exotic. It's a full-dress sort of affair, like dining at the Carlton. Theoretically, no doubt, your food tastes just the same in the wrong crowd as the right one, but in practice it doesn't. And I must admit the sight of tweeded and even unshaven men and jumpered females all around me rather puts me off my stroke even for the most thrillingly passionate passages of *Carmen* or the most brilliant rendering of *Bohême*.

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AS for dances, they continue to flock ever more thickly upon us. Besides fox-trot competitions at the Embassy, Thanksgiving shows at the London Country Club and places, and all the rest, quite a number of the old-style big dances looming ahead at the Albert Hall and elsewhere. Among them a Variety Artists' Ball at the A.H. aforesaid next week, with plenty of variety "stars" to grace the occasion, another big stage dance at Covent Garden later on, and then the great Chelsea Arts Ball once more—the one dance that can always be counted on to fill every corner of that vast masterpiece of Victorian architecture down Kensington way which takes such a lot of filling . . . and where the atmosphere seems so uncommonly chilly, somehow, when there really is room to dance!

"Fox-trot competitions at the Embassy"

卐 卐

THINGS *must* really be "coming right" though, mustn't they, when London is so "golden and gay"?

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

The Call of the Colleen

"COME BACK TO ERIN"

BY WILMOT LUNT

Hicksographs—No. II. "Johnny Jones"

A TRAVELLER IN "HAROUN-AL-RASCHID"

Get out your atlas and see where that might be, and when you go to the Alhambra get out your handkerchief, as you will weep tears of joy when you see George Robey

MACBETH

By "JINGLE" *Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*

MR. JAMES K. HACKETT is a welcome visitor to London, and I beg to offer him the glad hand accordingly, right here and now. I understand that he enjoys a very high reputation on the American stage, and his recent outbreak as Macbeth seems to me to justify all the nice things that have been said about him by kind friends in front. A very pleasing feature of his elocution is the purity of his English accent. He speaks his words just as an English actor would speak them, and in such a very English play as *Macbeth* this is a clear advantage. I do not know how Shakespeare's plays are usually performed in America, though I once heard of an American actor who, taking the part of Cœur-de-Lion, strutted on the stage with the line, spoken with the best Chicago accent: "I am Richard, King of England. And don't you forgettet!" But Mr. Hackett has a strong, musical voice, and he gives every word its proper place in the procession.

Macbeth, as everyone knows, is a murder drama, and, therefore, it can I think, be fairly considered as quite topical at the moment. Macbeth ran the murder business so successfully that in time he became a master at the trade, and was able to employ journeymen for little affairs that were beneath his own professional dignity. Indeed, when he comes back from killing the unhappy Duncan and his guards, he has a bloodstained dagger in each hand, so that it looks as if he had reached such a nice perfection in his art that on occasion, if necessary, he could make an ambidextrous job of it. Mr. Hackett has a wonderful make-up which gives him the look of a life-size edition of our old friend, Fagin, as limned by Cruikshank. For the first two acts there is nothing much to distinguish his Macbeth from that of other famous actors, who, sometimes against the

advice of their friends, have ventured to grapple with this hardly comprehensible character. But from the very beginning Mr. Hackett gives you the sense of a very strong personality, and in the Banquet scene he rises to a very great height of excellence, and offers us besides something like a new reading of the disturbing episode.

IT is a little unfortunate that dear old Shakespeare should have built his Banquet scene round a gentleman of the name of Banquo, which sounds like a different case of the same noun of the Second Declension, and gives you the idea that William was trying to be funny on very slight provocation. As will be remembered, the doing-in of Banquo was too small an enterprise for Macbeth to undertake personally at that stage of his career, and he, therefore, put the job out. His two Murderers are strikingly represented by Mr. Howard Sturge and Mr. Herbert Young, both of whom wear at their belts, naked, broad-bladed knives that look as if they were big enough to make a hole in an Act of Parliament. But although Macbeth did not do this bit of killing himself, he got frightfully jumpy about it, and proved himself to be a thorough wet-blanket at the friendly little dinner-party by rushing about the hall and calling urgent attention to things that were not really there.

THERE is always a difference of opinion as to how this ghost business ought to be worked on the stage. Usually Banquo, with his face chalked up a bit to suit his altered circumstances, glides into his seat in the Banqueting Hall and looks at Macbeth with a moist and reproachful eye, and then glides back to the wings and is gone again. Mr. Hackett adopts a method that is new to me. A shaft of light suddenly illumines Banquo's vacant chair at the table, and the rest is left to the imagination. This seems to me to be a very happy solution of the problem. After all, if no one but Macbeth is supposed to be able to see the ghost, the audience ought to be in the same position as the company on the stage. The beam of light indicates sufficiently that some abnormal influence is present, and it is then the actor's business to try and convince us that the invisible ghost of Banquo is actually on the spot. Mr. Hackett does this with the most complete success. He totters about the stage as if he were following step by step a ghost that is trying to avoid contact with him, and his cry of fear as he bids the apparition begone is startlingly real. He presents Macbeth as a very badly scared man indeed. I do not remember to have seen this episode so convincingly represented before.

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL seems a little too dainty for the part of so sanguinary a person as

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (concluded)

Lady Macbeth, although she puts black round her eyes to make herself look dreadfully fierce. She speaks her words as if she were more concerned with the correct expression of them than with the meaning they convey. We could almost forgive a Lady Macbeth who occasionally dropped an H if only she were making herself at the same time positively horrid.

IN the sleep-walking scene Mrs. Campbell's enunciation was remarkably clear, very word coming, as it were, straight over the footlights in one piece; but she seemed so gentle and attractive with it all that I don't believe any jury in the country would have convicted her Lady Macbeth on circumstantial evidence alone. Still, it is an extremely pleasing performance, and if I have mentioned that it seems to me to be not quite perfect, it is only because Mrs. Campbell has set up such a high standard for herself in the past, that perhaps one, a little unreasonably, expects her to be able to work miracles at this point in her successful career.

MR. HACKETT is well supported by Mr. Leslie Faber as Macduff. He acts with distinction throughout. In the scene in which he hears of the murder of "all my pretty chickens," his manifestation of grief, while perfect in its dignity, is singularly real, and proves its success by the occasional feminine sniff that floats about you here and there. In the final fight on the battlements he is every inch a soldier, as, indeed, also is Mr. Hackett himself, and both actors carry off the scene in a fine, spirited manner.

MR. WILLIAM LUGG has a properly majestic bearing as the venerable king Duncan, but he does not, of course, get very much of a show in the piece, as he is knifed out of the fun so early and so abruptly. Banquo, who gets well off the mark and stays the course till the middle of the third act, is agreeably played by Mr. H. R. Hignett, whose make-up shows considerable skill and taste, and I thought his black-and-white whiskers very becoming. Mr. Hignett seems to have a very good idea of how a Scottish nobleman would have comported himself in Macbeth's days, and he suits the action to the idea very successfully.

FOR the rest, the scenery is very well arranged, even if now and again while it is being changed you get the impression that they must be waiting behind the curtain for the callboy to come back with the beer. The Blasted Heath is well done, and the bl——but I am afraid I am trespassing on Old Bill's particular province. The Witches' Cavern is a nice bit of realism, and the cunning way in which the management have been able to suggest granite walls here and there is profoundly interesting, though once, it is true, I did see a light shining faintly through the granite, and that, as we know, isn't done.

THE incidental music by Mr. Norman O'Neill is very illuminating, and is probably drawn out a little more than it need have been owing to the length of the waits. But I congratulate Mr. James K. Hackett all the same. JINGLE

What They Really Say

No. VI.—THE SURGEON

BY DELL LEIGH

SCENE; Country House. Major operation about to be performed, after weeks of suspense and immense preparation. Spirit of household entirely broken by autocracy of two hospital nurses. Wife and best friend in drawing-room awaiting arrival of surgeon. . . . .

"I KNOW what it will be, they'll say the light isn't good enough when they have got poor Charles well under."

"Nonsense, my dear, they settled all that weeks ago."

"He looked awfully scared I thought, poor old man, when I went in to him this morning."

"I don't think so at all, but that horrible day nurse bustled me out in two minutes. Don't pace up and down the room, dear, it gets on my nerves."

"Nerves? I am doing it because I haven't got any nerves left—What was that?"

"What?"

"I thought I heard Charles call out, didn't you?"

"My dear, you're ridiculous, really."

"Hullo, there's the car coming through the park."

"Why it's a Ford! I suppose Sir Reginald sends it ahead with the—er—the things."

"But that's Dr. Wesdo in the front seat."

"But who is the funny little man driving?"

"That *can't* be Sir—why he looks like a chauffeur."

"It *is* him evidently. What's that they are pulling out of the dickey? Looks like a folding table."

"*The* table, of course. No, not that silly little arrangement surely?"

"But he cannot have got all he wants in that absurd little despatch case."

"There, I knew what it would be. He's forgotten his instruments—my dear, he *must* have. I always said we ought to have put Charles in a nursing home and had the thing done properly—Look out, here they come. Oh, it *is* you, Sir Reginald, good morning. Now tell me. . . ."

"How d'ye do, Mrs. Braithwaite. I congratulate you on your roses here, wonderful. Those Gloire de Dijon, for example——"

"But, Sir Reginald, do you think it will be successful?"

"Well, of course, I don't believe in transplanting 'em myself. I had some rather fine La France cuttings last year. But I only took a couple of second prizes at the Show—daresay you heard—What? ready, nurse? right. Well just go and have a look at that husband of yours. I hear he's as lively as a cricket. Wonderful these roses are 'pon my word, n-f n-f, ye-es—you've got a good head gardener here evidently. . . . ." (Half an hour of agony elapses in drawing-room.)

"I can hear them moving about, dear—cheer up. It must be over by now. They are coming down stairs now."

"Are the sandwiches and whisky in the dining-room? I *will* ask this dreadful little man some questions. You talk to Wesdo."

"Ah, Sir Reginald—everything all right I trust? Now tell me——"

"Mrs. Braithwaite, before I forget. It would really be a kindness if you would let me have a couple of those exquisite La France of yours. And those ramblers out there, I don't suppose there is anything better in the county, is there. Sandwiches? No, thanks, I never take 'em. Whisky and Soda? Dear me, no, in the *morning*. No, no. Thanks, I never smoke."

"But, Sir Reginald, now do tell me——"

"Oh, quite successful, my dear lady, quite. Now, while I think of it, I was talking to a man about roses once and he told me an amusing story of a celebrated horticulturist—dead now, poor feller, and it appears that——(and so on for twenty minutes.)

"Well, *good*-bye, Mrs. Braithwaite, n-f n-f, wonderful flowers, roses. Congratulations again——Come along, Wesdo, we must be off."

Later.

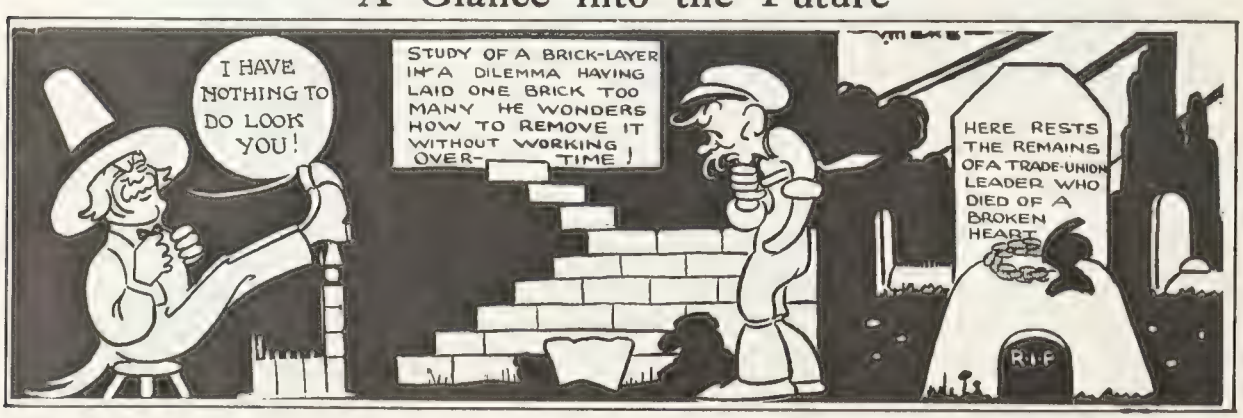
"I say, nurse, does Sir Reginald Brane never talk of anything but horticulture?"

"Never. Roses are the passion of his life."

"And surgery?"

"Well, he's about the first abdominal man there is. You can tell that by his fee. But it is roses that *really* interest him. I remember I was working a case for him once——" (and so on for another twenty minutes).

A Glance into the Future



WHEN THERE ARE NO STRIKES

By Victor Hicks

If We Only Spoke the Truth!

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

No. II.—"AT SUPPER"

"The Unknown Poilu" Honoured in Paris

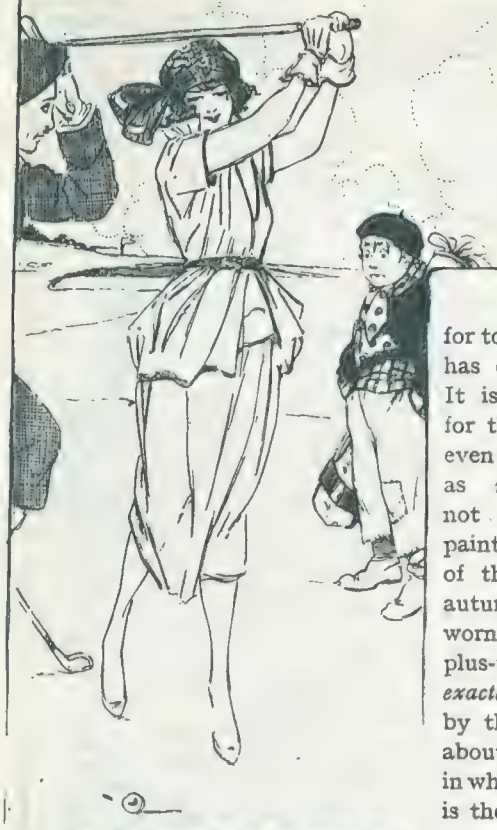
Photograph *Topical*

On Armistice Day in Paris the heart of Gambetta and the remains of an Unknown French Soldier were born with great pomp and ceremony to the Pantheon. The heart remains there, but the dead soldier was afterwards carried to the Arc de Triomphe, beneath which it will find a fitting resting place. The photograph shows the gun carriage bearing the Unknown Soldier's coffin, and the car bearing the casket containing the heart of Gambetta, outside the Pantheon

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN.

"LE GOLF"



"I have first swung my driver round like the sails of the *moulin*"

MES AMIS—

Jamais, not even on the great Day of Armistice, have I wished to shout "*Vive! les Anglais*" as to-day. Thanks to them I have discovered what you call the Great Game. I play the golf, and I love him already better than the tango or the fox-trot, or to walk in the Bois with my Pekingese, or even wearing a new hat in the *pesage* at Longchamp. *Vive! l'entente cordiale. Vive!* everybody who plays what my English *professeur* and *cher ami* Billy calls the Royal and Antique game, *n'est-ce pas?*

LAST week I have worn at my neck a *petit bijou* of a portrait of the *cher* Georges, the champion of the box. To-day I carry instead the picture of the great Arnaud Massy. One must be loyal to one's own sport, is it not?

THE jealous Marie, who does not know the golf, says I play him only for to show my beautiful arms. (*She* has omitted the word beautiful.) It is not true. One must dress for the great game, of course, and even should my arms have been as *maigre* as hers and had not been *immortalisé* by the painting which my friend Gaston of the Quartier exhibited in the autumn *salon*, I should still have worn what my friend Billy calls my plus-two jumper. I do not know *exactement* what he goes to mean by that, because there is no plus about it. It is minus sleeves. It is in white silk, and has what Billy says is the "dinkiest" of pink borders.

WHEN he has seen me wearing it at first he has asked of me with a smile, "Are you dressed for 'gym.'?" I have not understood why he has laughed so loudly when I said, "No, for *mon cher* Billy."

"I have not understood why he has laughed so loudly"

THE only part of the golf that I have not liked was to hit the little ball. Billy has laughed when I have first swung my driver round like the sails of the *moulin*, and chopped up a piece of turf, but I have told him it was wicked to hit such a lovely little ball. It had the sweetest little pink *croissant* on it. When I chose it at the shop where Billy has taken me to buy for me the strange *instruments* which he called clubs, Billy said, "Well, you know a good ball, anyhow." I to him have said, "But yes, I chose her because she matches the border of my jumper."

I THINK it was after twelve times that I have hit my poor little ball, and then there was a lot of grumpy old men behind who did not seem to take pleasure to regard my beautiful costume. They have stamped their feet and growled like the dog who from him has had stolen his bone. It really seemed as if they have wanted me to hurry away from them.

WHEN my ball has stopped it has perched up on a funny little hill, and I have laughed with delight because now I knew that those grumpy old people would be able to see my pink-patterned jumper and my *chic* little skirt, covered with the dainty flowers, that was just long enough to peep from under it, and would their bad tempers forget. But when the hill I had climbed and myself turned round like the *mannequins chez* Péron, so that the better they could me

admire, they have only waved their *instruments* and looked like the Zulus in the cinema working themselves into the frenzy before to go into the battle.

I HAVE feared when Billy has said to me that we had better let them go through us. I thought he wanted that they should knock their wretched balls at us, so I have dropped behind the little hill, as I used to drop behind the table when I heard the Big Bertha shells go bang.

BUT I have seen why it was the four bad-tempered men whose balls whistled over the little hill and away into distance, were in a hurry to get past. They have all worn wretched old clothes, and dirty thick boots, and have not wanted anyone to notice them.

"As I used to drop behind the table"

THERE were two other men I have seen to play afterwards who made the real golf. They themselves had never hurried to reach the flag in the little hole. Sometimes they hit the ball ten times to get there, and many times they have not the ball hit at all, but dug up big pieces of grass as I did when I began. *Mais, ils étaient magnifiques.* They have worn the yellowest yellow gloves, the grey trousers with the beautiful crease in them and the jackets that were a lovely poem. *Cher* Billy agreed that they were wonderful, and said that the many colours would have made Joseph his hair tear with envy. I have asked him if Joseph also played the great game of the golf, but he has only laughed again.

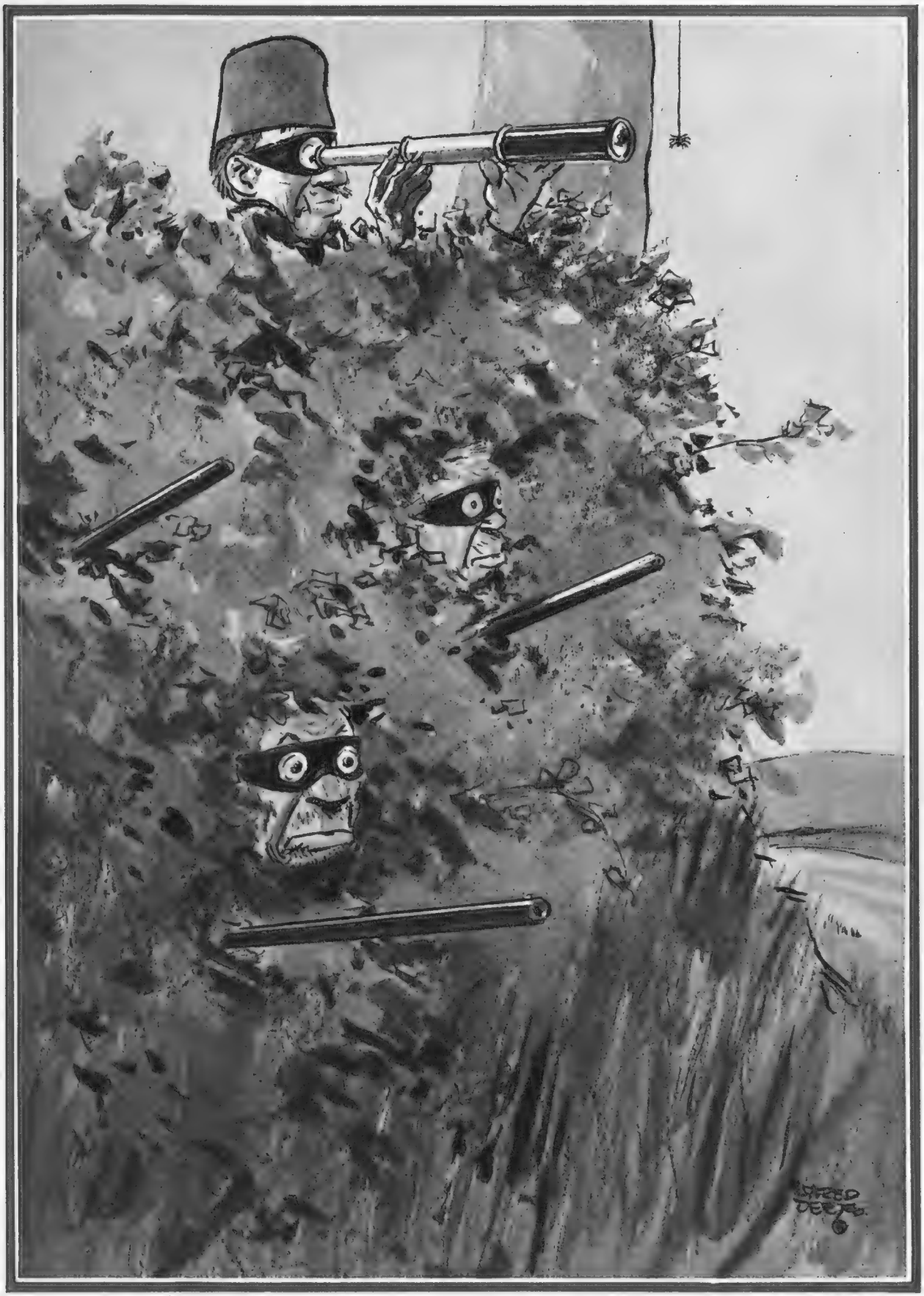
I HAVE not gone out to play again that day, because just when we had finished the *déjeuner* a big man with the face so red who told Billy he was the *Secrétaire*, came up like the big storm and wanted to know who had been digging holes in the first green with Louis XV heels. He has not said Louis Quinze, but has used a word which must have meant that, as I have not understood what else it could mean.

IT is not because I was of him frightened that my feet I hid under my chair and said to Billy, "We will go home." But because my little white ball with the pink *croissant* and the eleven other white balls with the pink *croissants* that I have bought along with it, were with mud and dirt covered.

BILLY has said it was not the good form to go out again until they had themselves been cleaned, so I am going to give them to my *blanchisseuse* when she calls for the washing; then when she them brings back I shall myself play another game of the golf.

Vive l le grand jeu! ROLANDE

"It is not because I was of him frightened"



BY ALFRED LEETE

"THE BEND O' THE ROAD"

"WILD

BY WILMOT LUNT

OATS"

REMEMBRANCE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN OCCUPATION

NOVEMBER is a month of memories in Rhineland. The first was *Allé Heiligen*—All Souls' Day—when thousands of the sombre clad population troop out to the great cemeteries of Cologne to do reverence to the departed. Business is suspended all day, except for the flower shops. The Rhinelander, a devout Catholic—when he is anything at all in the religious line—does not confine himself to floral tributes. With them he takes a little candle or taper which, in its lamp, is lighted and placed on the grave. Surely the saddest time to leave a churchyard is in the chill of evening—the beloved dead alone with Night—but the twinkling lights of the little fires of remembrance rob the last backward glance of half its pain. It is a sentimental illusion, of course—but who could face life freed from all illusions and sentiment? Certainly not the Rhinelander.

BRITISHERS are prevented by religion and temperament from burning tapers for the departed, but out here they have whole-heartedly adopted one Rhenish custom—the keeping of All Souls' Day as a real Day of Celebration for the Dead, and chrysanthemums were planted on every British grave. During the War, Cologne was one of the great distribution centres for the wounded. Several hundred Britishers, badly wounded men, never got further than its hospitals—in comparison with *some* who did, they may also be esteemed fortunate. The wave of virulent influenza that swept over under-nourished Germany just after the Armistice claimed a heavy toll from the men of the first armies of occupation, and broken aeroplane propellers in our corner of the Garden of Peace—as the Germans call it—show that even watching the Rhine costs British lives. In the great cemetery of the Sud-friedhof, under the tall Cypresses, is a plot of *Kriegergraben*, where bodies of German soldiers who died in Cologne rest peacefully now beside those of the Britishers who fought and beat them. Not far off lie the bodies of French and Belgian prisoners. In this small plot, enclosed with boxwood hedges, the passions of international hate are stilled.

NOVEMBER the eleventh, the second day of memories, was marked by as close an approximation to the British ceremonies as possible. Naturally it has not the proud significance for the Germans that it has for us, but even to them, it remains the day when the four and a half years riot of slaughter stopped. Let her fallen militarist leaders cherish hopes of revenge as they will, and rant of restoring Germany's glories and "honour"—the present generation of the common people, which "enjoyed" four and a half years of that glory and honour at its zenith, are hardly in the mood to appreciate such bombast. November the eleventh may have brought national ruin—it certainly brought personal salvation from the slough of mud and blood, for field-grey as for khaki, and in taking part in the British tribute of gratitude, if the German only feels that sentiment because his skin remains whole—well, since the Socialist revolution he has become the complete Individualist, and that whole skin outweighs for him more honour and glory than the late Grosser Generalstab ever dreamt of.

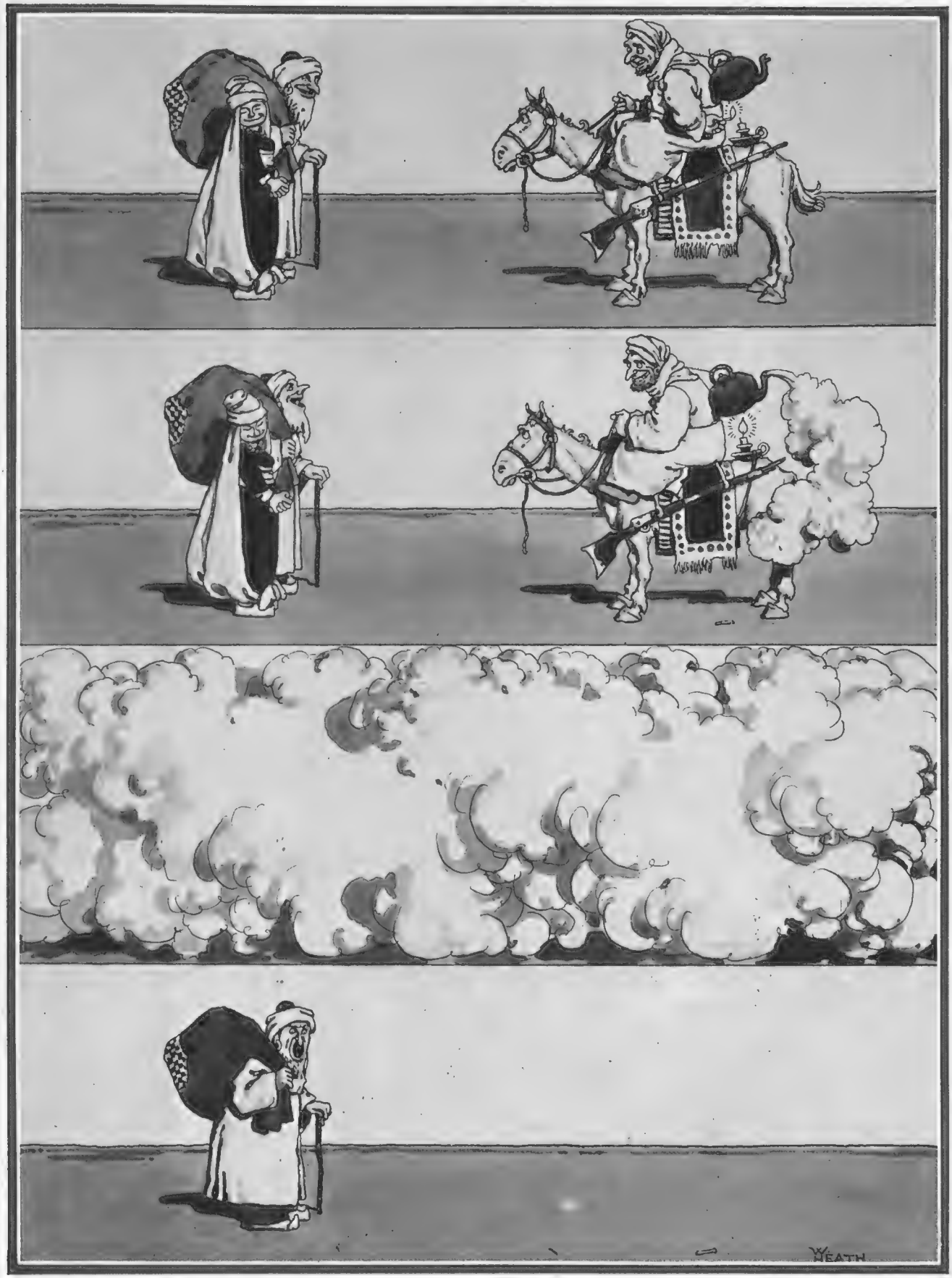
ERIC GORDON.

Photograph *Dorothy Wilding*

MISS HILDA BAYLEY

Who, in conjunction with Mr. Matheson Lang and Mr. Ivor Novello, is filming Mr. Compton Mackenzie's "Carnival." She is going to Venice, but will shortly be returning to London to play a new part at a West-end theatre

Crime in the East



BY HEATH ROBINSON

ABDUCTION BY STEAM

THE GLOUCESTER FIFTEEN

PHOTOGRAPHED ON THE FIELD OF PLAY

A. HUDSON, THE ENGLISH INTERNATIONAL

Taking a pass at full speed. Here is exemplified the correct attitude—eyes on to the ball, the right hand shaping to do the catching, so that the player may not slow up to take the pass

THE TRUE FINAL PASS

Here Voyce has taken the final pass, and the full-back, who rightly went for the man and not the ball, has been beaten

SCRUM PRACTICE ON THE KINGSHOLM GROUND

W. Dix about to put the ball in

A PASSING "RUN"

By cracks of the Gloucester XV. Left to right: A. Hudson (England), A. Ayliffe (vice-Captain Gloucester), A. W. Washbourne (Gloucester), and H. Lawson (Gloucester). Ayliffe, having just received from Washbourne, has made the mistake of dwelling on his pass, thus causing Hudson to overrun him and making the pass a forward one

WELSHAM TACKLING W. F. WARD

Who has passed to Ayliffe

T. H. MILLINGTON (KICKING) AND J. H. WEBB (PLACING)

Here T. H. Millington has made the fatal mistake of taking his eye off the ball

Photographs exclusive to The Bystander *by Sport and General*

"The Night Life"

BY THE BYSTANDER IN BERLIN

LEAST bearable of all Bad Berlin's post-War misfortunes is the decay, the dwindling, the deliquescence of *Das Nacht-Leben!* "The Night-Life!" It has been replaced by The Night-Existence. Night, as before, drops its sable curtain; citizens as before throng the streets; but it is not the same. *Smartheit* has fled. The lower-middle class, the Underworld, have swallowed up the old high-flying Night-Life. They have also, as surrogate for spontaneous gaiety, swallowed a good deal of schnaps, and sometimes "little liaison." (No, nothing to do with Divorces. "A little liaison"—*ein kleines Verhältnis*—is a mixture of beer and cognac.) But it's a dulled, limp-legged, blear-eyed, shiny-sleeved and sometimes tatterdemalion crowd. Revolution has brought it into the streets. In old days, stout Police-Chief Jagow kept all unwashed citizens indoors; and Bad Berlin seemed the world's soapiest city. To-day the autumn limes of Unter den Linden shed their night-leaves on the multitudinous Unwashed.

THAT'S the out-of-doors Night-Life. Indoors Night-Life—of restaurants, cabarets, "Amerikanische Bars," and dance-halls—is ultra-*smartisch*—in profiteering way. With Democratic contempt for law, Bad Berlin's "police-hour" has just been cut to eleven, which means that public places of eating and recreation must then close their doors. They do close them; but they keep patrons inside. Last night a Swede who knows Bad Berlin as well as his native Malmö trotted the B.-in-B. round half a dozen restaurants, cabarets, and dance-halls; and showed him *Das Nacht-Leben* flourishing till five in the morning. The Prussic policeman winks his revolutionised eye. He's studied Tammany; and if you only fork out a 50-Marks "Kassenschein," he'll himself act as cicerone to The Night Life, or he'll give you neat instructions as to the whistle, tap, tipsy grunt, or other signal that'll open the barred doors of any Night-Hell in the Friedrichstadt.

THE WIFE WHO STAYED AT HOME By Stan Terry

"No, I never take my wife to the theatre. Plays I haven't seen might be improper, and anything I go to a second time is sure to be!"

Das Nacht-Leben (The Night-Life) is often inexcusably *Das Nackte-Leben* (The Naked-Life). Even a 30 per cent. fall in the price of Alabama cotton, c.i.f. Bremen, hasn't checked this sinful and skinful craze. It's mostly in cabarets; and the Bad-Berliners who attend, charged with high theories about Dermal-Regenerative Art, must plank down 500 marks for a bottle of Magdeburg parsnip-French champagne. Last week, the sea-green incorruptible police raided four such temples; and carried off to gaol a dozen priestesses with decently buttoned stiff overcoats over their thin dresses of air. But other sea-green incorruptible constables wink indulgent eyes when 50-mark "Kassenscheins" slip into tight constabular hands. So the Night-Life without a Nightie pursues

(Continued on page 550)

The Incomparable Karsavina

Photograph *F. A. Swaine*

MADAME TAMARA KARSAVINA

Who last week came back to the Coliseum, where she is now performing in some of her famous Russian ballet dances. She is supported by M. Novikoff and a corps de ballet

"THE NIGHT LIFE" (concluded)

its imperturbable path; and the Puritan Prussic Minister of the Interior announces that next February must again see no Carnival because The Nation is in a Sad Mood.

AND it is. All except the Profiteering part, which may count fifty thousand out of Bad Berlin's four millions. The Sad Part, which can't stump up ten 50-mark "Kassenscheins" for a bottle of Magdeburg champagne, famous parsnip vintage of June, 1920, spends its Night Life in dim Friedrichstrasse, dimmer Unter den L., dimmest Wittenberg Platz and the Hallesches Thor. The crowd is terrific. It consists of beggars, street-dealers, young-men-from-Bielostock-who-want-to-be-Profiteers, and ladies whose complexions yield 50 per cent. dividends to makers of aniline dyes. Largely law-breakers, Germany has now a formally-constituted "Association of Persons who have been Convicted of Offences." They number, say mauve posters in Friedrichstrasse station, just 13,000,000. The crowd picks your pocket zealously. But it is an orderly, depressed, drab and unprovocative crowd; and it whispers. As you wedge through, seedy individuals grip your sleeve (other seedy individuals gripping your watch), and buzz: "A magnificent tie-pin, real diamonds, mein Herr, for eighteen marks fifty"; "Furs of the Russian Grand Duchess Pulcheria Nikolaievna"; "There are some stolen English Navvicut cigarettes, Herr. If you want tobacco really cheap . . . . !"

THE morally most reprobate stage for Bad Berlin's Night-Life, a stage compared with which Night-Life without a Nightie is almost monastic, is the Wittenberg Platz. It's an agreeable squarelet in the *smartisch* West, in the shadow of a sort of Harrod's Stores. Wittenberg Platz focuses the more youthful sinners, who have grown up in War-Demoralisation. It is a crowd of which one cannot say "So young and yet so innocent!" It is a well-dressed crowd. Precisely such a crowd (only grimy) of sinners of both sexes between twelve and twenty collects after midnight at the Hallesches Thor, Bad Berlin's southern centre; and breaks laws and even occasionally windows. But the Police do not think of dragging the sinners back to horsewhip-armed pappas and mammas, because Prussia is now a Democratic country, and already The Nation is in a sufficiently Sad Mood.

THE Night-Life is lived in Darkness. Streets are so dim that you can't distinguish a magnificent tie-pin, real diamonds, Mein Herr, from an English Navvi-cut cigarette. And as there are no trams, and no Underground railway running, you go home, grimly in a bus called The Cuckoo and lose your watch to a neighbour in a Sad Mood.

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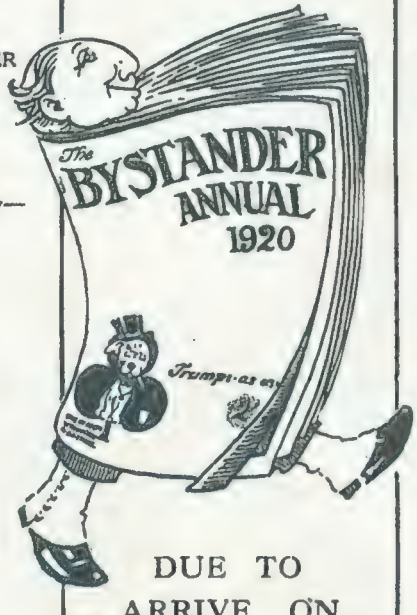

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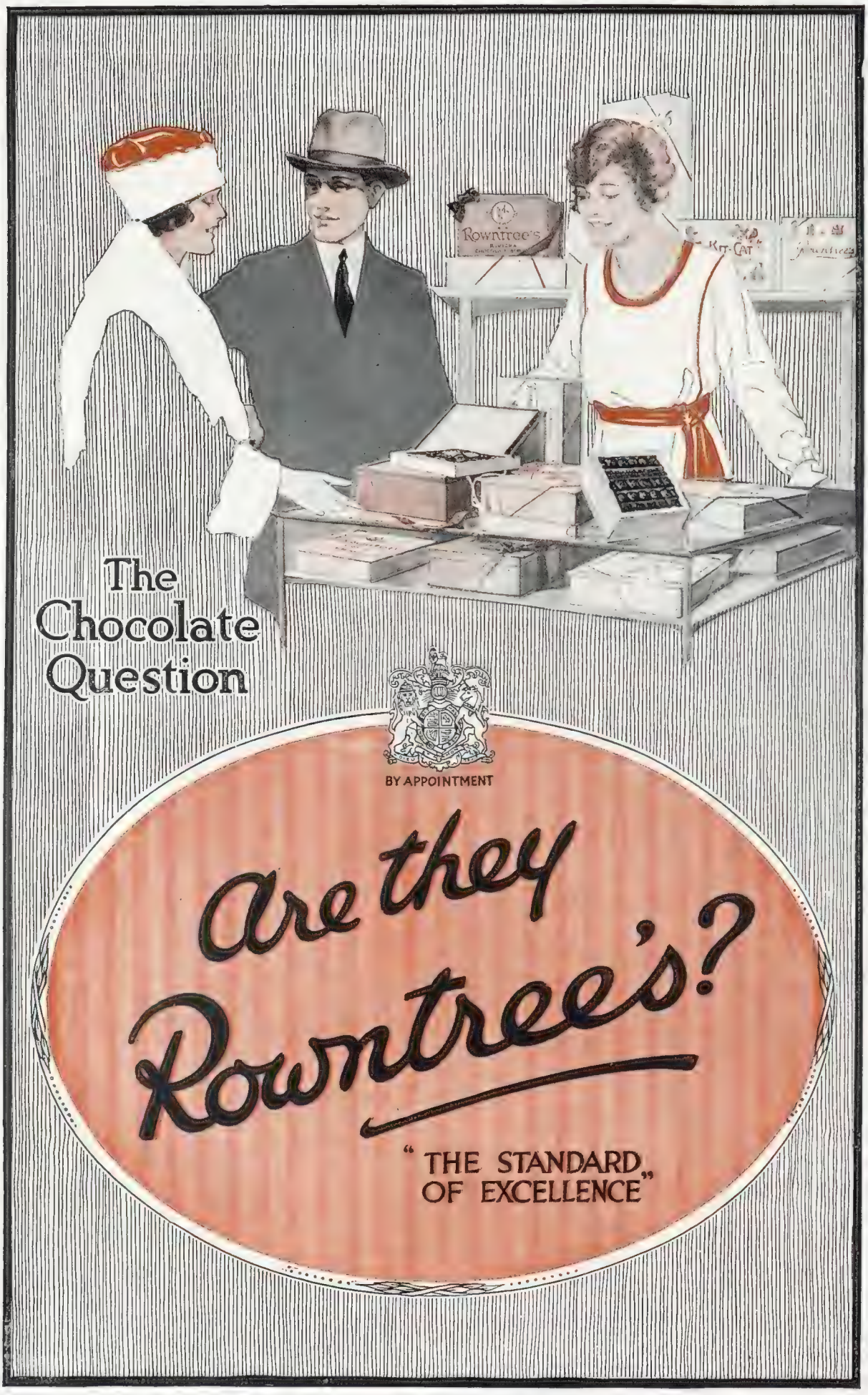
Sidelights on Southern Syncopation

BY MACMICHAEL

Here are some impressions of the South American Syncopated Orchestra which performs at the Philharmonic Hall. The word syncopation these days somehow invariably suggests the rattle and clang of the Jazz Band. In the case of this orchestra nothing of the kind occurs—but the most tuneful old American melodies are played. A series of "scenas" is devoted to the development of a delightful colour scheme arranged by Mr. Cavendish Morton, and the whole performance is most attractively lighted with colour effects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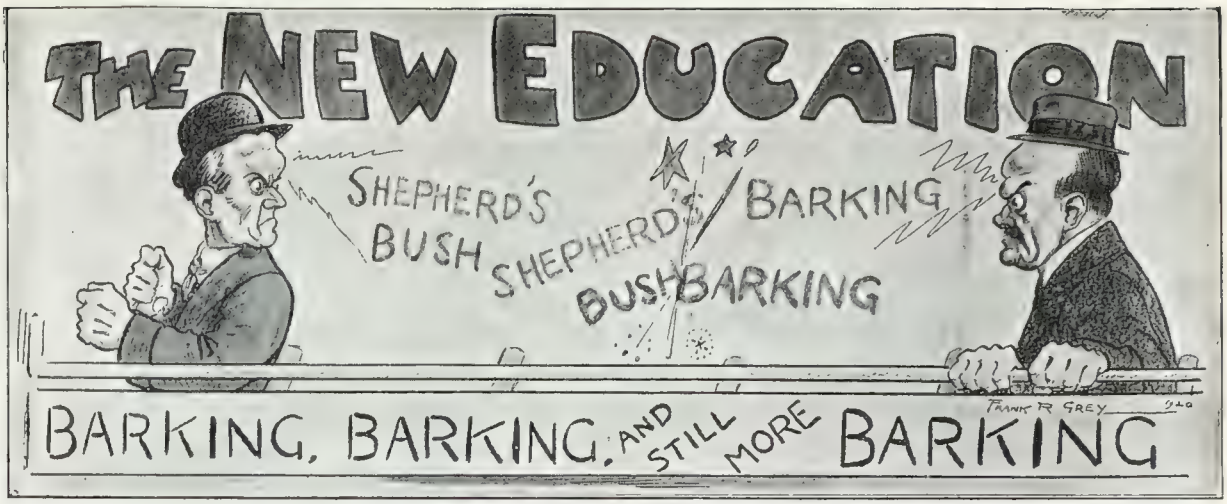

"Then a brain wave came over him"

BY A. P. GARLAND. *Illustrated by FRANK R. GREY*

NOT so very long ago education was no more necessary to the ordinary citizen than barley is to a modern brewer. He could manage very well without it and he did. He plied his useful occupation of banker, bandit, bookmaker, or anything else you fancy, and yet he could not have recognised the Three R's if he had seen them marching arm-in-arm down the street.

What did he want with them, anyhow? So long as his thumbmark at the bottom of a cheque was good for four figures, he had no need to bother about Writing; he left that to the scribes and pharisees whose job it was. Reading—well, when I mention that the *Daily Bomb* had not then been invented, it will be obvious that reading was a sheer waste of time. As for Arithmetic—what use were logarithms, tangents, or fugues to a man who had never even seen a motor-car and couldn't guess in a month of Sundays where these parts belonged.

Nowadays, however, when the portals of Society have been thrown open to all who can afford a dress-suit; when peers and policemen hobnob in the gilded halls of Mayfair or Upper Clapton, social advancement is impossible unless a man is thoroughly educated. Not only must he know the Three R's, but he must be also on speaking terms with the Nine Muses, the Seven Signs of the Zodiac, the Two Bobs, and the Fourteen Points (Wilson Brand—see signature on the label), and even then he has only finished with the *hors d'œuvres* of the subject, so to speak.

For in a fashionable drawing-room where conversation may range from Bach to Bolshevism or from Christian Science to Catarrh, he must take his part without making a *faux-pas*, or, in other words, must step in without putting his foot in it—if you follow me.

All will remember the tragedy of Dill-Jones who, when the Dowager Lady Puffley referred to some beautiful stalactites she had seen in Norway, butted in with a remark about a pink pair which had held his gaze at the Hippodrome Revue.

The Dowager's Thursdays see him no more.

That a man means well makes no essential difference. He simply dare not make a mistake in the course of conversation. He must be able without thinking to distinguish between the Equinox and John Knox, between a clavichord and a clavicle, between a putter and a puttie, between a gnome and a gnomon, and so on. He must know the tables of precedence and consanguinity; how to address the son of a colonial bishop, with rooms at the Albany; the connoisseur chart of china marks; when and why it is high-tide at London Bridge, and, harder still, at Blackfriars. More than that, he must be able to recognise the metric system when he sees it and be able to talk about it.

Now a good public school is useful at the start. All Old Etonians, Harrovians, Doctor Barnardonians, and Lithuanians will agree that at school one learns lots of interesting facts about the Greeks and Romans, some of which will come in useful in later years. Who can tell the countless number of suburban gardens, whose dazzling crop of King Edward potatoes is the result of a close study of Virgil's Eclogues? whilst Aristophanes' Clouds is an absolute stand-by with every weather prophet of repute in the country.

Still, I put it to you, if a dispute arose about a revoke at Auction, or the proper club to use in order to dislodge a golf-ball from a rabbit-hole facing S., whilst the green was N.N.E., would you think of looking up Sophocles or Tacitus? Not by a jugful. You might as well ask the Tarpeian rock.

No, the true education begins when an alert young mind glances through the advertising pages of a magazine and learns of the colossal number of subjects of which he is hopelessly ignorant, but of which he can acquire a full knowledge in a few months by correspondence.

In all modesty I may say that it is to that I attribute my own profundity. I was the original "I mailed the coupon."

But it's all wrong to think Education is a sort of lucky bag in which you dip; and that it doesn't matter whether you land on the Binomial Theorem or the masterpieces of Mrs. Eddy. No. You must choose the subjects for which you have inner hankerings or a call and then go for them baldheaded.

Blasted Ambition.

There was once a young man who loved Art, and at the same time thought that an open-air

THE NEW EDUCATION (continued)

occupation would keep the roses in his cheeks and a song in his heart. One day he saw an advertisement of the Correspondence School of Pavement-Art.

"Eureka!" said he, settling down to peruse it. He found that he could have a course of twelve lessons for five guineas, plus postage, so he promptly filled in the coupon, stated whether he was Rev., Mr., Mrs., or Miss, and posted it with a nice cheque and a prayer that the bank would not turn down an old customer. Promptly came back a receipt, a book of instructions, a bag of coloured chalks, and a large piece of pavement.

For six months he toiled by day and by night. Twice a week he posted off his piece of pavement, enclosed in a piano-case, and when it returned in charge of sundry perspiring and blasphemous express-delivery men, it was accompanied by the valuable and encouraging criticism of the school.

Yet to-day he has not left his mark (except with a muddy boot) on London's pavements. And why? Because just when he was going to be promoted from "slices of fish" to "a ship in full sail," he married a widow, attached to a considerable piece of property.

Visitors to "Dreamhome," Tooting Bec, S.W., are often surprised at the sight of the rockery in which all the stones are covered with life-like paintings of slices of fish. They little guess what a tragedy lies therein—the tragedy of a wasted artist, who, but for his lapse into matrimony, might now be delighting the pedestrians of the Embankment.

Again, one must be careful of some of these so-called correspondence schools. They often shelter an adder. He adds up the money he receives and calculates how long he can carry on without the co-operation of the police.

Not long since another young man I know, who was filled with the praiseworthy ambition of becoming head-waiter at the Ritz or Carlton, sent five guineas to a School for a course of "How to wait by mail." He is still waiting.

MEMORY.

The first subject that suggests itself is memory training. If the old dome can't recall the right things at the right time, then you had better have a millstone tied around your neck and dive headforemost from an aeroplane When, for instance, you've asked the Dowager Lady Puffley if she has been to the Russian Ballet and she answers in the negative with a face of frozen horror, is it any use remembering then that her sporty young hopeful has just married one of the most gifted acrobats that figure therein? Will it remedy matters to say that you meant the Syncopated Orchestra or the West End Mission to Masseurs? I leave it to your own good sense.

A dose of Hellman will soon cure you. With the little grey books in the vest-pocket you'll acquire the habit of remembering EVERYTHING. On returning home from the City you'll be able to say: "The bus conductor's number was 478. He had red hair, the Mons Medal, and a tear in the knee of his pants. The gentleman in the corner with the camouflaged face paid a twopenny fare and took a threepenny ride. He smoked cheap cigarettes." (You know my methods, Watson, I saw a packet of Woodbines in his waistcoat pocket).

And so on. You can keep it up for hours or until someone in desperation clubs you.

"A bag of coloured chalks and a large piece of pavement"

WILL.

Next in importance comes the Will. You know the Will I mean. Not the document in which your Aunt Mary leaves you the framed testimonial she received from the Sunday School Union in 1852 (or was it 1752?). Not that at all. No. I mean the thing you will with.

Nearly everybody has a Will. I'm not quite sure of its exact position — somewhere between the midriff and the scapula. But it's there all right. And more than that, it is developed, the possibilities are simply enormous.

Faith can move mountains, but could it shift the first man in a whiskey queue? I guess not. But if Will (properly handled, mark you) said "Go," that man would be in the next county before you knew he'd started.

TRAIN YOUR WILL. BECOME A MASTER OF MEN. BEND OTHERS TO YOUR WISHES. A SHORT COURSE, ETC.

That's the sort of thing that has been calling to you for years. And you have neglected your opportunity. Let me show you what you have missed.

I knew a man by the name of Tompkins. (We may be overheard, but I tell you in confidence that his real name was about half-way

(*Continued on page 555*)

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Our Peace-Time Navy

BY LIEUT.-COL. E. G. O. BEUTTLER

No. VII.—THE FAILURE OF MAN-POWER IN HAULING UP THE ANCHOR

Illustrating the far-reaching effects of the recent coal strike

THE NEW EDUCATION (concluded)

between Brown and Robinson.) Tompkins mailed the coupon to-day—I mean that day. He studied the book of the words. He did the exercises. (No such thing as lying on your back and kicking your legs about like an indignant crab.) Morning after morning he would sit for hours with a set face and a soft collar—and CONCENTRATE. It didn't matter what the object was. Sometimes it was an upright cottage piano; sometimes a bottle of pickles. Whatever it was—he gave it h——. At the end of a month things began to move—including the servant-maid. Tompkins willed her back. She came for ten bob a month more.

Tompkins was elated. He went on concentrating until about a fortnight afterwards he had developed a will so strong that it brought knobs out on his forehead, and he had to buy a new hat. He had arrived.

His early efforts in exploiting his powers were merely tentative. He willed a lady-assistant at the Post Office to say "Thank you"; a taxi-man to drive him from Victoria to Paddington; a police-man on point duty to hold back the traffic for him.

Then he grew more ambitious. He visited theatres, and when the plot wasn't working to his liking, he would alter it there and then. No one can forget the excitement in the Magnificent Theatre during the revival of the *Merchant of Venice*, when Shylock during the Court Scene came forward to the foot-lights and sang "Solomon—that's me!" It was Tompkins at work.

After that he thought he had London in the hollow of his hand, forgetting that the Will School had many disciples.

One day, however, he climbed on a 'bus at Victoria. The vehicle was marked Barking, but just as they turned out into Victoria Street, he willed it to go to Shepherd's Bush. Immediately the 'bus swung round to the left. Then to his amazement it began to turn back again.

Tompkins was deeply annoyed. He put on a will-spurt and its nose again faced Grosvenor Gardens. But every effort he made to get it any further was a hopeless failure. At times even it started to turn right round, and only by changing gears was Tompkins able to will it back again.

The strain was becoming terrific. He felt that he could not keep it up much longer.

Then a brain-wave came over him. He glanced around and caught sight of a man on the back seat, with knobs on his forehead just like Tompkins' own, and gripping the side of the 'bus firmly whilst he kept on willing it to Barking.

At once the two recognised each other. They were members of the same class who had divided the Lonsdale belt of their year for will-power (middle-weights).

"Sorry," said the newcomer. "I was wondering what was up. My fault entirely. It's your honour."

"Don't mention it," said Tompkins, "but I'm rather keen on getting to Shepherd's Bush."

"Rightho," said the other. "I'll get off. Any old 'bus will do me."

He promptly dismounted, and finding a 'bus that thought it was going to Tottenham Court Road, he boarded it, and in a moment it was merrily on its way to Barking.

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Photograph] A SUDDEN BREAK-AWAY FROM THE SCRUMMAGE BY GUY'S [*Sport and General*

In the Rugby Match between Cambridge University and Guy's Hospital at Honor Oak Park on Wednesday last. It was one of the finest games seen in London this season, and Cambridge in winning it by 2 goals and 2 tries to a goal and a try further enhanced their already great reputation. The interest taken in 'Varsity "Rugger" was shown by the large attendance of spectators who filled the reserve stand to overflowing

Sports & Pastimes

RUGBY FOOTBALL

Dark or Light Blue?

THERE are now several teams which have played matches against both Oxford and Cambridge, so that it is possible to arrive at some sort of an estimate of the merits of the two 'Varsity sides. In making comparisons of this kind allowance has, of course, to be made for any variation that there may have been in the strength of the teams encountered. Guy's Hospital, for instance, were not quite as strongly represented when they were beaten by Cambridge last Wednesday as they were when they beat Oxford on October 27. Moreover, we must remember that the conclusions based on such comparisons can never amount to proof positive. I think, however, that the comparison which it is possible to make in this particular instance indicates fairly clearly that Cambridge have the best chance of winning on December 7.

Cambridge Consistency

SINCE they suddenly "found themselves" in their match with Newport (who only beat them by a single point) Cambridge have played almost consistently well. I did not see their match against Leicester, in which I am told they touched high-water mark, but I did see them beat Guy's, and the thing that impressed me in this match was that they scored four times against a side the soundness of whose defence is shown by the small number of points it has lost. Their three-quarter line is a fine one, fast and vigorous in attack and strong in defence, and in H. W. Craigmile they have a centre who seems to be everything that a centre should be; whilst their forwards, for all-round excellence, would compare favourably with any pack in the kingdom. Their strength, of course, doubles the value of the men behind them.

A Pretty Sure Thing

OXFORD are superior at one point. They have in E. Campbell and F. A. Waldock the

Photograph *Alfieri*

CLEVER WORK WITH THE STICK REVERSED

By a Mid-Surrey player, who has intercepted an Oxford pass in the match at Richmond between Oxford University and Mid-Surrey. In winning it by 4 goals to nil the Surrey Club gained the distinction of being the first side to beat Oxford since the season began

SPORTS AND PASTIMES (continued)

better pair of half-backs, but this superiority will be of little avail unless the forwards can hold their own with the Cambridge eight, and this I doubt their ability to do. They are a good lot, but not so superlatively good as Cambridge. Another of Oxford's troubles is that they have yet to find a really satisfactory three-quarter line. They have tried a good number of men, and although several of them have shown up well in attack their defence has often proved, to say the least of it, shaky. The 'Varsity Rugby match is an event about which it is proverbially unsafe to prophesy, but in predicting a win for Cambridge I believe that I am for once on fairly safe ground. Yet, since I come from the opposite camp, I am, of course, prepared to be agreeably surprised by an Oxford victory, and even to derive some comfort from having to eat my words.

LAWN TENNIS

A Momentous Meeting

On the 13th of next month the Lawn Tennis Association, in general meeting assembled, will be invited to pass a resolution whereby the power to alter or amend the laws of the game will, in future, be vested in the International Federation. I hope that those who are deputed to attend and vote at the meeting will consider very carefully the consequences involved in the adoption of this resolution before recording their votes, and ask themselves whether, notwithstanding the laudable object which it aims at achieving, they will be furthering the interests not only of English lawn tennis, but of the game at large, if they pass it.

Photograph *Sport and General*

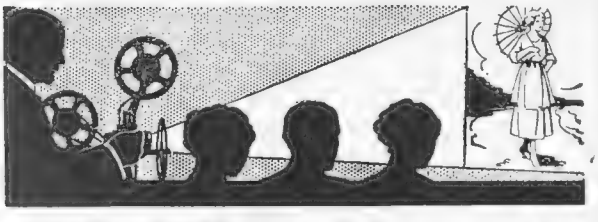
SPRINTER AND MILER IN ONE

E. D. Mountain (Corpus Christi), the famous Cambridge Blue, winning the quarter-mile in the Inter-Collegiate contest between Corpus and Trinity Hall at Cambridge last week. He also won the hundred yards and the mile.

Laudable, but Unattainable

It will readily be conceded that the proposed change is a drastic one. Let us first consider the object of it. It is—to quote the actual wording of the resolution—"with a view to uniform laws being adopted by all countries where lawn tennis is

(Continued on page 564)



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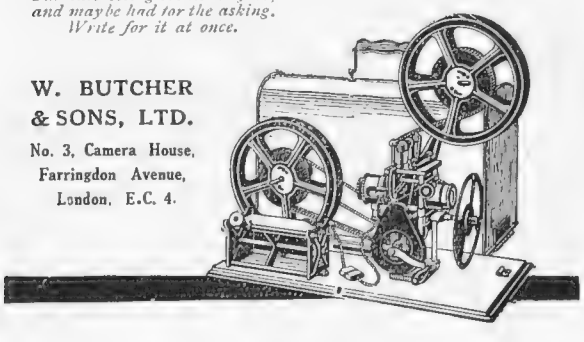

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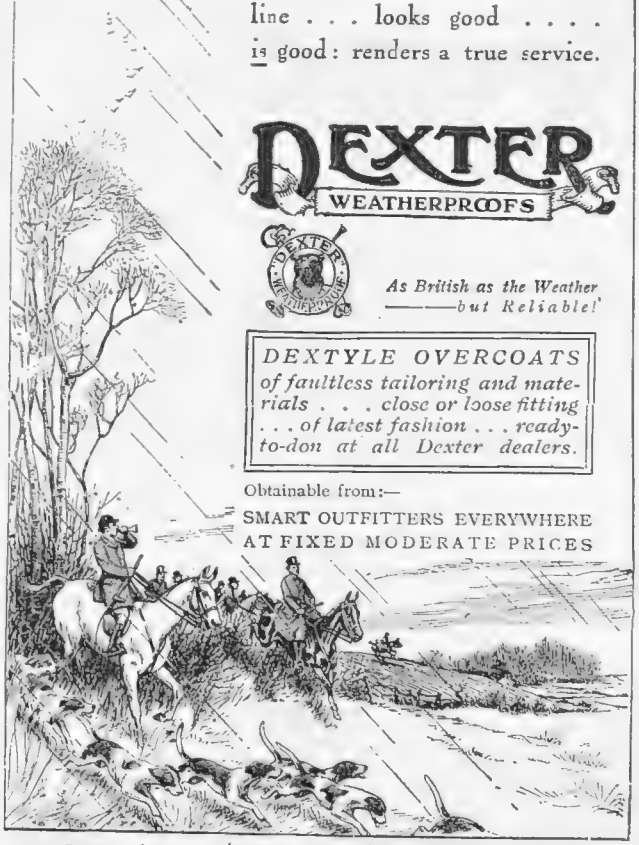

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SPORTS AND PASTIMES (concluded)

played." This is a laudable object enough, as I have already pointed out, but will it be achieved by handing over the control of the laws to the International Federation? The answer is, "No." America is not a member of the International Federation, does not recognise its jurisdiction, and plays the game under its own laws. Therefore, as long as America stands aloof from the Federation there cannot be a uniform code of laws for all countries where lawn tennis is played, and the object with which it is sought to give the control of the laws to the Federation will be unattainable.

American Independence

I am aware that there are optimists who say, "Oh! But the Americans will come in all right in time!" But will they? They are strongly opposed to the institution by the Federation of the "World's" Championships, and will not recognise them. This is one big difficulty in the way of their "coming in." And there are others. Moreover, they are a nation whose watchword is Independence, and I shall be very surprised if they ever consent to forfeit their right to make laws for themselves, which is what joining the Federation will involve if the Federation becomes the sole law-giver. In fact, if this happens, I imagine that the chances of America joining the Federation will be more remote than ever.

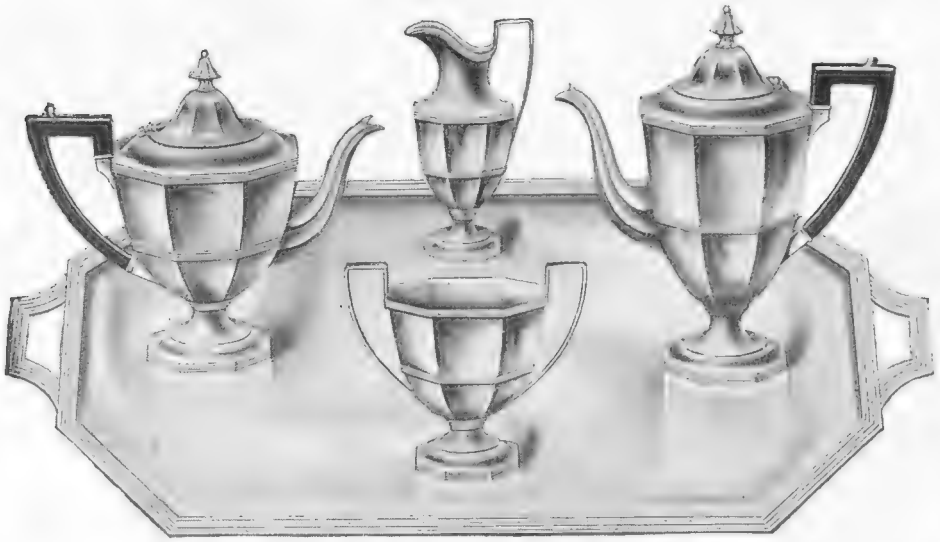
Photograph *Sport and General*

IT TOOK SOME WINNING

Edward Ray, the distinguished professional golfer, who returned last week to England, with the Challenge Cup that he holds for a year as winner of the Open Championship of America

The Cart before the Horse

It seems to me that no useful purpose can be served by making the Federation the sole custodian of the laws until it comprises all countries of any importance in which lawn tennis is played. Uniformity counts for nothing unless it is uniformity among the nations who matter. It would appear, in fact, that the advocates of the proposed change are putting the cart before the horse. If they could first induce America to come in they might then with propriety introduce their proposal for a uniform code. But even so there are other objections to it—in its present form, at any rate—with which I hope to deal anon. H. S. S.



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By FIELD, STREAM AND COVERT

Photograph THE TWO MINUTES SILENCE IN THE HUNTING FIELD [*Topical*

The Fernie Pack on their way to the Meet halting on the roadside to observe the two minutes silence. Mrs. C. W. B. Fernie, M.F.H., is seen in the picture by the side of Arthur Thatcher, the huntsman, and whips

RACING·NOTIONS
BY "CARBINE"

The Last Lap

WE have entered upon the last lap of flat-racing this week, and, naturally, punters are keen to find the winner of the Manchester November Handicap. As one of them put it, we can do with something with which to buy the turkey and Christmas pudding. I don't suppose the bookies are very nervous about the prospect of providing backers with the means of enjoying a good time when the festive season comes along More often than not, this November Handicap has been a very good race for "the enemy" who chuckle to find their clients tumbling over each other to back "good things" which seldom materialise.

The November Handicap

I RECALL a few Manchester winners which did many of us a bit of good. Last year, for example, I had a nice race over King John. You could not have let him run loose at Manchester after seeing how prominently he ran in the Cesarewitch as far as the Bushes. Planet was another popular winner for the punters. He shook up most of the "old firms" pretty smartly, and may possibly do so again this week, for Planet is by no means the back number that many appear to suppose.

By "THE TOUT"

COLONEL GEO. PAYNTER, C.M.G., D.S.O.

Who is closely associated with the Belvoir Hunt, and one of the best-known men to hounds in the Shires

The Topweight

WE shall not be able to leave the top-weight, Pomme de Terre, out of calculations on Saturday. He likes the course, as he showed us when he won the Manchester Cup in the summer, giving 5lb. and a beating to that good horse, Square Measure. If he can repeat that form Pomme de Terre must go near to winning, though I wonder whether Lord George Dundas agrees with the handicapper in reckoning him 2st. better than Kroo Boy. Lord George, by the way, has had a splendid season, and has convincingly proved himself to be one of the most able of Newmarket trainers.

A Likely Winner

WE get an interesting line as to the chances of Orsan compared with the top-weight. Square Measure gave him 17lb. at Liverpool. Pomme de Terre now has to give him 19lb., and ought to have no trouble in doing it if at his best. So apparently that wipes out Orsan. I have considerable respect for Golden Guinea, but I am writing before the Derby Cup, so I leave you to judge him by the form he displays there. He ran better in the Cesarewitch than is generally imagined. Of all the others I prefer March Along, who was a bit unlucky

(Continued on page 568)

The 1920 Season on the Flat

AS REVIEWED BY "THE TOUT"

(The Season Ends on November 27th)

not to win at Liverpool. There is just the doubt whether he stays the journey. I shall make **Pomme de Terre** my selection, and take MARCH ALONG as likely to run into a place.

Other Selections

OTHER interesting events of the Manchester meeting will include the Delamere Handicap on Thursday, which **Yutoi** may win. For the Woodlands Nursery I recommend **Strathleven,** as she has not such good class to tackle as when she scored at Aintree. The Lancashire Nursery on Friday provides a bit of a puzzle, but I shall take a chance with **Felkington,** who will probably be better suited by this distance than the mile which she signally failed to stay at Doncaster.

Photograph *Poole, Waterford*

MISS LEONARD

A well-known follower of the Meath Hunt. Miss Leonard lives at St. Kevins, Dublin, and the Meath are, of course, Ireland's premier Pack

HUNTING NOTES

The Shoot at Elveden

THE King is very fond of his annual shoot at Elveden, which is not surprising, for this fine Suffolk estate holds a wonderful head of game, and is almost as well stocked now as it was before the War. I remember some years ago the King, with three other guns, getting 2,400 pheasants, 700 partridges, and a great deal of ground game in their best day at Elveden, and in the days of the Maharajah Duleep Singh some even more remarkable bags were secured. I have not heard the actual results of last week's shoot, but I am quite prepared to learn that they do not fall below the average for Elveden, as the conditions were perfect, the guns enjoying splendid weather on each day they went out. The Marquis de Soveral, Lords Albemarle, Mount Edgcumbe, Eldon, and Farquhar, the Hon. H. Stonor, the Hon. E. Guinness, and Colonel Walter Guinness were among Lord Iveagh's party.

Photograph *Sport and General*

LADY MASHAM (on right) WITH A FRIEND

The new Lady Master of the Bedale Hounds at a recent meet

No Scent

FRANKLY, sport with hounds has been disappointing so far. Scent has been execrable, and in the Shires there has been no big November run. Indeed, the best performance of any pack up to the middle of last week was probably an eight-mile point in the Vale of White Horse with the Cricklade pack. It is quite clear that you cannot have beautiful summer-like weather together with a breast-high scent. We shall be sorry when this bright spell is over; disgruntled huntsmen, however, are growling and asking how their hounds can be expected to catch foxes when winter is changed to summer. The ground, too, still gives an unpleasant jar, and fences and ditches are uncommonly blind for late November.

A Noted Nimrod

COLONEL GEORGE PAYNTER, who has found his way into our caricaturist's net on page 506, is just as keen on hunting as he is on steeplechasing, and that is saying something. He hunts from Grantham, and is a member of the Belvoir Committee. His tall, though spare, figure does not quite suggest jockeyship, yet you will recall that he proved himself one of the best across country before the War, bringing off some very popular wins at the Grand Military meeting at Sandown Park. He was a first-class soldier, too, jumping from the command of a company to a brigade during the War, in which he was fond of wandering up the line and popping up in all sorts of unexpected places. He came out of it all with the C.M.G., the D.S.O. and bar, and no end of "mentions." I hope to see him having another cut for the Military Cup next March.

A.W.C.

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"More Danced upon than Dancing"

BY LAURIE TAYLER

"Don't you think dancing will be more than ever on the toes this season, Miss Anguish?"
"Perhaps so, Mr. Hoofly, but I'd much rather you didn't practise on mine"

Photograph] UNIVERSITY FOOTBALL AS PLAYED IN THE STATES [*Topical*

An incident during a game between the University of Southern California and the Occidental College, at California. Andy Teelen, the star of the University team, finishing one of his great runs in the arms of Roberts, the College half-back. The rigours of American football make the wearing of helmets and padded clothing necessary

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The Literary Log

Rolled by Ralph Straus

Of all the problems by which the United States Government is beset to-day, the most subtly difficult is that of Colour. Most thinking people, moreover, are inclined to believe that the problem will slowly become more acute in the future. It is all very well to say that the Negroes, being an inferior race, are treated as fairly as possible, and have only themselves to thank for the not too comfortable position in which they find themselves to-day—but what is going to happen now that a fair percentage of them is rising intellectually and becoming aware of the power of union? Nothing, says the Southerner, and does his best to convince you that no European can really understand the problem at all. Very little, says the Northerner, who gets on fairly well with the "nigger," and has less colour-prejudice in his composition. Things will right themselves sooner or later. But—will they?

⁂ ⁂

It was a brave venture on the part of that polite and romantic vagabond, Stephen Graham, to set out on a tramp through the Southern States for the purpose of viewing the problem at close quarters. He gives us his conclusions in a book called, *Children of the Slaves* (Macmillan: 10s. net), which has all the peculiar charms of its predecessors. Mr. Graham does not mince matters at all, and I am wondering what they will say in States like Georgia at a white man daring to approach the problem in an unbiassed spirit from without. For his book is an indictment, very sober and cool, and delightfully set forth. You can imagine the usual reply: a foreigner spending a few months in the South, can easily rig up an argument, but how can he *understand*? That, however, hardly concerns us. Mr. Graham is entitled to his opinions, and he certainly produced evidence which nobody has attempted to upset. (The single illustration he gives—the burning alive of a negro—is about the most revolting thing of the kind you are likely to see.)

By Arthur Watts

DOGS AND THEIR OWNERS
No. VII.—"THE PLUM PUDDING DOG"

⁂ ⁂

But, of course, Mr. Graham is too finished an artist to write a mere polemic against Southern treatment of a despised and unfortunate race. There is nobody alive to-day who is doing the things which he is accustomed to do. Only he, surely, would have arranged to follow in the footsteps of General Sherman, whose march through Georgia is not unknown even to small British schoolboys. Only he would think to report those fragments of simple dialogue which so often provide you with a larger insight into things than whole pages of social analysis. And only he could have made of his wanderings the curiously un-modern pilgrimage which this book shows it to have been. It may be that he is sometimes too eager to build up a general theory from too few facts—upon this point the reviewer is incompetent to judge; it may be that his well-known sympathy with and understanding of the underdog has led him to give undue prominence to the darkest side of the picture—but *Children of the Slaves* will be widely read and widely discussed. It will leave in your mind a vague dissatisfaction which will only be tempered by the pleasure Mr. Graham's particular genius, here as elsewhere, provides. It is a provocative book, but graciously provocative, and written from the heart.

⁂ ⁂

Mr. Bohun Lynch's new novel, *Forgotten Realms* (Collins: 9s. net), refuses to be classed. In one sense it is a gossamer fabric, a romantic excursion through improbable lands, a mysterious tale of old memories of childhood. In another sense, it is the study of a man whose queer psychical inheritance is of the just-possible order. If Mr. Lynch did not write with such extreme grace and care his story might drag. As it is, you are intrigued soon enough by young Philip Gage, who, very oddly, leaves his family and wife for a country-side tour by himself. Many of us have a vision in early youth of that "ideal companion" whom Philip is seeking; with most of us, however, he is not flesh and blood. But Mr. Lynch gives both to Denis Culham, and very slowly you begin to understand the nature of the curious tie which

THE LITERARY LOG (concluded)

binds these two men together. *Forgotten Realms* is not for the ordinary reader—it is far too delicately subtle—but it will fascinate those who seek for strange things, for elusive and mystical things, towards which one's attention is not often directed.

⁂ ⁂

MR. R. M. LUCEY is an agreeable essayist. *The Hill Top* (Heath, Cranton: 5*s.* net) contains a number of well-written papers on all manner of things. The writer takes up the position of good-humoured critic. The various phenomena of life interest and intrigue him, and the little things are by no means neglected. There is a very fair paper on the important question of the ladies, but there is also an eloquent plea for the turnip. Titles and Interjections each figure amongst Mr. Lucey's subjects. The soul of a coward is analysed without recourse to the new theories and without morbid bias. There is a chapter given to pockets, and Mr. Lucey pokes gentle fun at some of our democratic anomalies.

⁂ ⁂

THE chief character in Mr. Robin Richards' first novel, *Cold Blood* (Hutchinson: 8*s.* 6*d.* net), is a detestable young man who causes a boy to commit a horrible murder by means of a trick. David Holt may satisfy some readers that he is the Compleat Villain, but to others he will appear a grotesque caricature. Champion, the wretched youth whom he leads astray, is a miserable creature, and altogether the novel would not deserve mention were it not for the fact that it shows some power of narration and a commendable desire to cover new ground. For so far from David Holt being hanged, it is Champion who commits suicide, and Holt is left to enjoy his ill-gotten gains. But I don't believe in his existence.

MR. BOHUN LYNCH
Author of "Forgotten Realms" (Collins), which is reviewed on the previous page

⁂ ⁂

A FIRST novel which deserves mention is Miss Morgan Gibbon's *Jan* (Hutchinson: 8*s.* 6*d.* net). Jan herself is a likeable person, and so are most of the people amongst whom she is brought up. Her father, John, who had married beneath him, is to be preferred to Henry, his respectable brother. Uncle Henry, however, is the father of another John, and this other John is a most useful person. It is he who very properly wins Jan, after her unfortunate affair with a rotter. A simple little story, but prettily, and in places very cleverly, told. R. S.

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Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

IN MEMORY OF LONDON FRENCHMEN WHO FELL IN THE WAR

M. Paul Cambon, seen on the right holding a tall hat, last week unveiled a tablet at the French Consulate, Bedford Square, to the memory of London Frenchmen killed in the War

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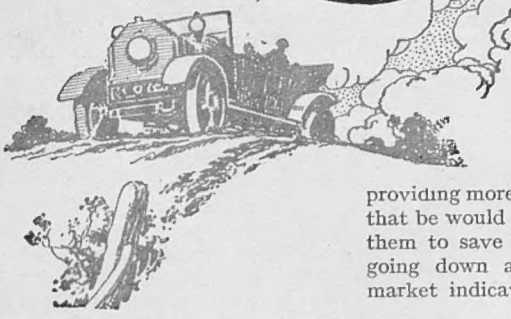
Motoring & Aviation



WHAT a lot of humbug there is in the motor industry, on one hand the dealers are grumbling about high prices, excessive taxation, and general unemployment, and on the other are trying to persuade their customers to buy foreign-made cars. Yet if you talk to the men in this line of business they protest that they would rather sell British motors. Why don't you have the courage of your desires then, my masters? For if you all said you will not deal in imported goods that can be made in Great Britain, because so many of our own factories have had to restrict their present output by working short hours and discharging employées, the Great Good Government, including the three departments affected, the Board of Trade, the Ministry of Labour, and the Ministry of Transport, would all back you up provided you told them the truth of exactly how many motor vehicles of all sorts that the present plant can produce if required, and the extra number of hands, besides the 350,000 already getting their living out of the business, that could be employed. I know that all those in this trade at present dealing only in imported cars would be hard hit, but if you could show the balance struck was favourable to providing more employment, the powers that be would go as far as you asked them to save this key industry from going down and down as the share market indicates.

* * *

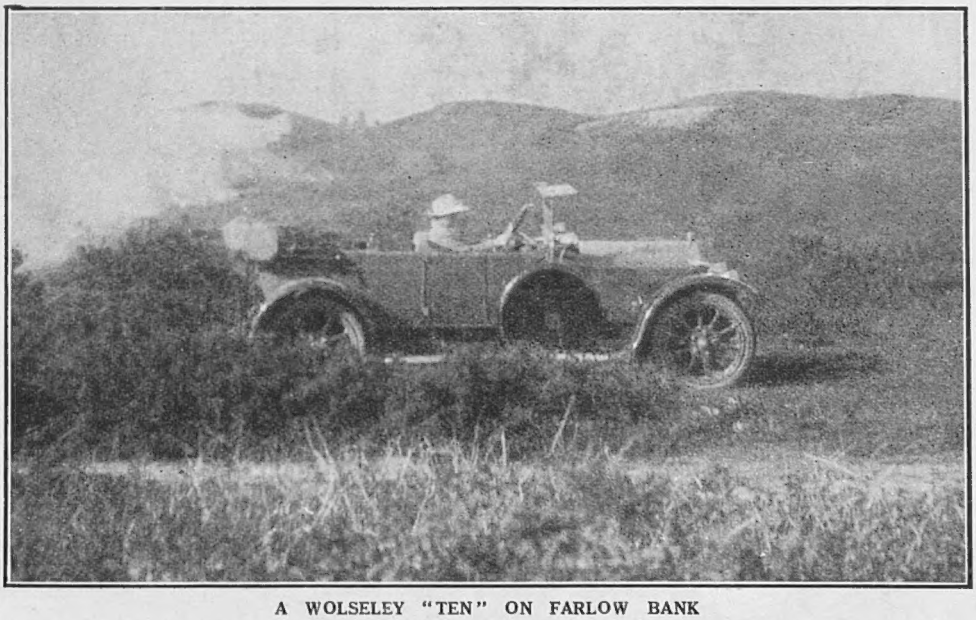
NOW that the Motor Show is over and the public have filled the coffers of the S.M.M.T. with funds to carry on for the next year or so by their splendid support in coming to see the exhibition, I await with interest to see the newspapers from New York—which are due this week—how the Importers' Motor Show got on in that city. For America holds two exhibitions, one that started on November 14 for cars that are made elsewhere than the U.S.A., and another in January for cars that they build themselves, and sometimes they allow a few examples to be seen in the latter motor show that are imported. But, mark you, only a few. Last January it was only one foreign make. For America, like England, missed quite a lot of the selling market last season owing to various troubles in getting back to peace-work conditions, so that the present stock of cars in hand is tremendous. Our British firms are in the same condition, for there is not a single make of motor vehicle that really got into production during the past nine months that you cannot get immediate delivery of to-day. I met an American dealer at Olympia recently who holds quite a big position in his own country. He told me that the U.S.A. Government might pretend to kick at total prohibition of motor-car imports to this country, but that in reality they would welcome that if it would help to make the sovereign worth four dollars fifty instead of three dollars fifty, as it is to-day, or thereabouts.

* * *

WRITING about exchange reminds me that all the *personnel* of the stallholders at the motor show had to have a photograph of their facial peculiarities pasted on the ticket that gave them admission to the buildings. Many of them had no photograph to affix to the card, so they went across the road to the nearest "sticky-back" photo merchant, bought one from his stock and stuck it on, and passed the barrier without difficulty. One of them found his photo was the Duke of York when he examined it, but, bless your heart! though he was no more like him than you are, dear reader, that Royal motorist passed him through all right for the whole of the ten days. Practically any photo of anybody in khaki or uniform was good enough for the keepers of the gate, so I hope that farce of asking for your likeness on trade cards will die of laughter and cease to be a condition in future shows.

* * *

IN regard to the cars staged at Olympia and White City, it was remarkable how large a number had flexible disc joints in the transmission drive. None of these were protected in any way from "weathering," and when such joints get hard they bust and down will drop the propeller-shaft on the road. If it is the forward connection that goes, good-bye-ee for a roadside repair, as nine times out of ten the shaft itself will be damaged. It is quite bad enough and awkward at any time to replace these when the body is on a car, yet it was wonderful to see people seriously contemplating buying cars with these joints at either end of the propeller-shaft, and this, too, at a considerable angle from the gear-box. Very few—I think only two makes using this fabric joint—had a centralising device to stop the whip



A WOLSELEY "TEN" ON FARLOW BANK

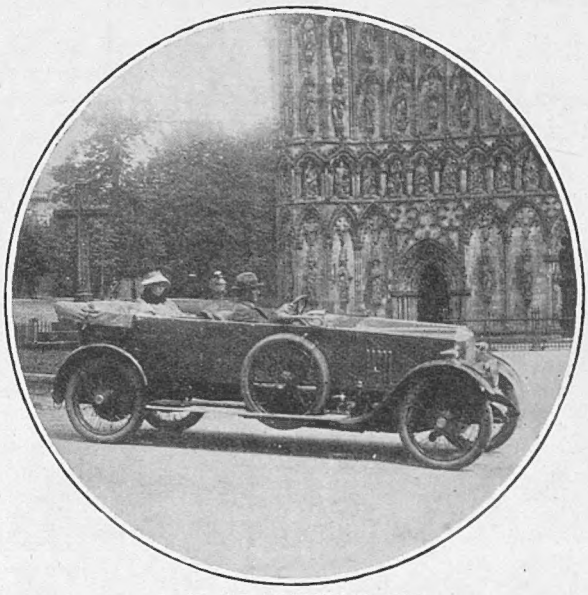
Farlow Bank is a very steep and rough incline in the Clee Hills, near Cleobury Mortimer, and is usually avoided by motorists, as the gradient is sometimes one in four. This Wolseley "Ten," however, climbed it with ease

MOTORING AND AVIATION (concluded)

a shaft like this is bound to give. Anyway, I give a warning to those about to buy such cars to look out for trouble unless the transmission is practically straight from the engine crankshaft to the back axle bevel or worm, as the case may be. Personally, the old mechanical universal joint is good enough for me back of the gear-box, but there, I always did hate makeshifts to overcome bad design and inaccessibility. Talking about gear-boxes, I noticed at the White City one small car had gone back to the gear-box-cum-back-axle-casing unit, which came out strong many years ago, then pined away like a wraith in thin air, so I shall watch the career of this one with interest. No, not 10 per cent., old chap, something like "shent per shent" in these times.

* * *

A FRIEND of mine asked me the other day what on earth were the 762 motor-cars, valued £255,584, that were imported from Germany into England during the month of August this year *exempt from duty*, while on twenty-three cars, valued at £7,992, duty was paid. Frankly, I don't know, but I offer this conundrum to the Transport Ministry to solve. Or is it part of the Slough deal, or what? I know that commercial motor vehicles do not pay duty on importation to this country, and that is why in August the U.S.A. sent us 609 chassis, valued at £239,197, on which no duty was paid, while during the same month imported 1613 motor-cars, valued at £590,197, on which she did pay duty, and 98 commercial cars, valued £45,575, on which she didn't, and altogether duty and no duty, complete cars and chassis, this country took in 2,431 in that month from America. Perhaps now the A.A.'s energetic secretary has returned from his visit to the States he can enlighten us poor motorists.



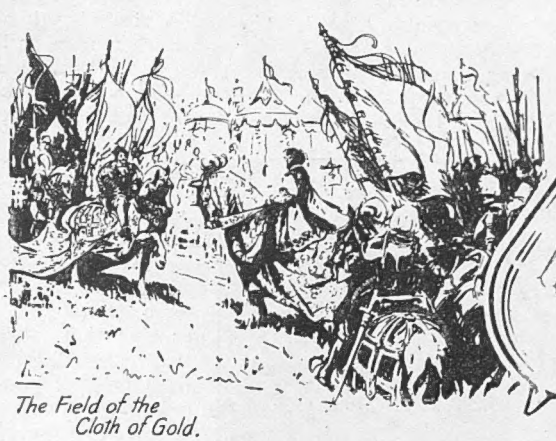
A 25 H.P. VAUXHALL CAR

Outside Lichfield Cathedral. The picture gives an admirable idea of the graceful lines of the Kington body, which is built in the Vauxhall works

* * *

THE police are now very keen to see how the brakes work on motor-cars these days, so when one is stopped by them after the painstaking measurements of the number plates have been taken, they then proceed to test the brakes. Now few people have ever bothered to look up the old Local Government Board regulation on this point, now being enforced by its successor the Health Ministry, but under Article 2, Section 4 of this Order, issued when the 1903 Act came into being, each motor-car shall have two independent brakes in good working order, and of such efficiency that the application of either to the motor-car shall cause two of its wheels on the same axle to be so held that the wheels shall be effectually preventing from revolving, or shall have the same effect in stopping the motor-car as if such wheels were so held. As locking the wheels usually causes excessive tyre wear, I am wondering if anybody damages a cover when undergoing this test by the police, whether the police rate will be asked to pay the damage.

OLD HY.



The Field of the Cloth of Gold.

Brilliance

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